NATIONAL REVIEW

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December 6, 1958

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

It's Not Over, Over There

J. D. FUTCH

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FINIS FARR

The Faint Heart of Walter Lippmann

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . ANDREW LYTLE

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher
EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones
ASSOCIATES
Priscilla L. Buckley — Jonathan Mitchell
Maureen B. O'Reilly — Morrie Ryskind
CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills
FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune — *Madrid*: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

CONTENTS DECEMBER 6, 1958 VOL. VI, NO. 14

THE WEEK 356

ARTICLES

He Fought Back .....Finis Farr 365
It's Not Over, Over There .....J. D. Futch 369
The Faint Heart of Walter Lippmann
William Henry Chamberlin 373

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 355
National Trends .....L. Brent Bozell 363
The Third World War .....James Burnham 364
Letter from the Continent
E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 368
Principles and Heresies .....Frank S. Meyer 372
From the Academy .....Russell Kirk 374
To the Editor 381

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Man or Symbol? .....Andrew Lytle 375
Stuck with Majority Rule ..Willmoore Kendall 376
The Quality of Nock .....Frank Chodorov 377
Football, Rousseau—and Salinger
H. Gifford Irion 378
99,999,999 Hurrahs .....Francis Russell 378
Books in Brief 380

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. —alternately at Orange, Conn. and New York, N.Y. (second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn. and New York, N.Y.).

Copyrighted 1958 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc.

Address changes, undeliverable copies, and subscription orders should be sent to:

EDITORIAL OFFICES
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.
Telephone OREgon 9-7330

Published alternately at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn., and 225 Varick Street, New York 14, N. Y.

RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues published at Orange, Conn., and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published at New York, N.Y.). Add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions. By arrangement with the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Inc. Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, the 32-page magazine is available to students and teachers at the special rate of $4.00 a year.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

For the Record

The next big legal battle in the labor field will be the appeal from a recent Georgia decision to the Supreme Court. At stake: the constitutionality of the Railway Labor Act. Six employees won their case in which they protested forced payment of dues when part of the money went for political purposes not germane to collective bargaining. . . . A total of $4 billion was paid to unemployed workers during 1958. Checks averaged $31 weekly. . . . The government is planning an office building in New York which will be second in size only to the Pentagon. . . . AP reports that U.S. industry will have spent $500 million on giveaway programs during 1958.

Anti-American sentiment in Panama has prompted renewed official interest in a canal through Nicaragua. . . . Russia may be preparing to dump its surplus metals on the world market—a move calculated to depress a market already depressed by mammoth stockpiles in Western countries.

France isn't the only country where Communists have received setbacks in recent months. In Britain, one of the two Communist members on the executive council of the influential Engineering Union has been voted out. Austrian municipal elections in the provinces bordering on Hungary showed a heavy decline in Communist votes. In Hungary itself, officials are alarmed over the reluctance of factory workers to apply for membership in the party. . . . Yugoslav foreign minister Popovich returned from Britain without the land-air missiles he was reported to be angling for.

Communist China is making feverish military preparations while attention is focused on Berlin. Observers wonder whether the Reds intend to move against Matsu and Quemoy by force. . . . The Worker suggests that the next Congress: abolish the filibuster; strengthen Civil Rights legislation; repeal the right-to-work permissive section of the Taft-Hartley Act; and enact the Kennedy-Ives labor bill.

Radio Station WJAR in Providence, R.I., which interviewed Alger Hiss on its program "The World Around Us" (no reference was made in the biographical introduction to Hiss' activities between 1948 and 1957), refuses to make available the tape of the interview.

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The WEEK

● Mental illness, says Dr. Gunnar Gunderson, president of the American Medical Association, may possibly be contagious. Could *that* account for the recent election? Come to think of it, we may go along with the Democrats in their call for a vast mental health program.

● General Albert C. Wedemeyer has challenged so many reputations and exploded so many cherished beliefs in his book of war memoirs, *Wedemeyer Reports!*, that it remains the miracle of the age that he wasn't done to death at the outset by a cabal of hired assassins posing as literary critics. His success would seem to prove that the way to avoid such treatment is to take on such a formidable array of foes that book review editors can only respond with popping eyes and wide-open mouths. We note, with considerable pleasure, that the General's extremely well-documented case against those who maneuvered us into, through and out of a great war without producing any tangible improvement in our world position *vis-à-vis* totalitarians has made such a tremendous impression that the book has gone into four printings (45,000 copies) within a week of publication. Combining boldness with politeness, General Wedemeyer has put across some points that historical "revisionists," laboring futilely for thirteen years, have been unable to get a hearing for outside of the extremely restricted news-letter circuit. Fighting a rear-guard action for the conformists in the *New York Post*, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. has dutifully tried to hold back the tide. But the waters have poured through all around him. For the General, we propose whatever may be the literary equivalent of an old-fashioned Roman triumph.

● Owen Lattimore is going to Harvard, which evidently understands its educational responsibilities as involving the rehabilitation of at least one loyalty risk per academic year. Last year it was Oppenheimer. This year it is a "scholar" whom eleven out of eleven members of a Senate Committee, after a two year investigation, styled a "conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy." The Harvard *Crimson's* account of the impending visit tactfully omitted mention of Mr. Lattimore's pro-Communist record, instead made much of the statement by sometime fellow traveler Professor John K. Fairbank that Lattimore is "probably the only American specialist of his generation" on Mongolia. That is a modest description of the attainments of Harvard's guest. Mr. Lattimore is, we judge from his performance in the postwar years, possibly the leading American specialist in the subversion of great nations, and that is a tougher assignment than taking on Mongolia. Where were we? Oh yes: Mr. Lattimore will speak at Harvard on the "Far Eastern Dilemma"; will be paid by money provided by the Ford Foundation; and is being sponsored by the Harvard-Radcliffe UN Council.

● The puzzle of the alternate-day bombing of Quemoy is now solved. On the odd days, in counterpoint to the even days when bombs are dropped, the Communists are hurling at Formosa, via radio broadcasts and semi-official notes (relayed through a former Nationalist official, now in Hong Kong), the weapons of psychological warfare. Peiping's "peace campaign" is based on the following line of reasoning: 1) time is on the side of the Communists; 2) withdrawal of U.S. support for Chiang is inevitable; 3) annexation of Formosa by the Chinese mainland is therefore also, in the long run, inevitable; 4) a negotiated deal now would be more favorable than a forced takeover later on; 5) Chiang and his associates can get decent treatment—including important posts—by settling now. Though the Nationalists have rejected all overtures without any response, Peiping is spreading rumors in Asia that secret negotiations have begun, and is thus trying to undermine the morale of the Nationalist Army, the Formosans and the Overseas Chinese, and at the same time to convince the neutral Asian nations that Free China is a lost cause.

● As the three-cornered Venezuelan Presidential campaign nears the December 7 election day, dissension is rumored within candidate Romulo Betancourt's Democratic Action Party. Though Betancourt seems about as far left as a politician can be without sliding altogether off the road, he is said to be not quite left enough for the Party's own Left Wing, which has just criticized him for "conservative tendencies." The probable explanation: The Left Wing, dominated by Communist infiltrators, insists that Betancourt make possible a full United Front by withdrawing in favor of Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal, head of the ruling Junta, who is already on the tickets of the Communist Party and the Republican Democratic Union. Betancourt's politics are similar to those of the Italian left Socialist, Pietro Nenni, and are yielding the same fruits. Having long upheld views close to Communism and sought Communist practical cooperation, he now finds that the Communists threaten to take his party from him.

● For nineteen years the Communists—assisted by the Max Lerners, Frederick Schumans, Corliss Lamonts and other academic apologists for the Communists—have defended the Stalin-Hitler Pact on the grounds first stated by then Foreign Minister

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Molotov to the Supreme Soviet on August 31, 1939: "Our pact means that the greatest European powers have agreed to eliminate the threat of war and to live in peace. The danger of a military clash in Europe thus is narrowed, if not eliminated." Buried in Mr. Walter Lippmann's account of his recent interview with Khrushchev, and apparently unnoticed by Mr. Lippmann, was the Kremlin's official reversal of its established doctrine. *"Stalin, for his part, saw a chance to weaken Hitler before the coming attack on Russia by encouraging him to make war in the West."* Khrushchev, that is, now admits the truth which the world, outside of those circles corrupted or bemused by Soviet lies, has long known: that the Soviet government by signing the pact with the Nazis (and the attached secret protocols which arranged the division of Poland and the Baltic states), deliberately pushed the button that launched the Second World War.

● We predict a rocky road ahead for Yves Mathieu St. Laurent, Christian Dior's talented but unsophisticated successor. At twenty-three, Mr. St. Laurent still has not learned that it is not—how we say?—*comme il faut* to be polite to America or Americans. After three weeks in the U.S., he actually allowed himself to be quoted as follows: "I saw more beautiful women in the streets here than you see in Europe." That young man is going to have to learn to unmind his manners if he hopes to attract the U.S. trade.

● The World Order Study Conference, which is sponsored by the World Council of Churches, and passed unanimously a resolution calling for the recognition of Red China, does not speak for Protestantism, Editor Daniel Poling of the *Christian Herald* charges. Indeed, the conferees "misrepresented and compromised the Protestant faith." Dr. Poling noted that despite heavy press coverage of the Conference there was "never a reported word on the continued bloody pogroms in Red China, the continued enslavement of the peasants, continued imprisonment of American fliers, continued torture of Protestant churchmen, the unrelenting emphasis upon atheism," and suggested that the churchmen turn to the business at which they are competent, "the evangelization of the whole world."

● The publishing firm of Devin-Adair endeavored to advertise one of its recent books in the *New York Times*. Most of the ad copy consisted in an extended quotation from a review of the book published in NATIONAL REVIEW. The reviewer summarized Mr. Reuther's career, as depicted in the book by Eldorous Dayton (*Walter Reuther: Autocrat of the Bargaining Table*), in language the *New York Times* found unfit to print. The ad was returned to the publisher. The offending passages were: 1) "Mr. Reuther is committed to making his union into a mammoth monopoly, even to the point of averting his eyes when his goons slug workers in a Wisconsin plumbing factory which hasn't the remotest connection with the automobile business." And 2) "What all this [Reuther's program for the U.S.] adds up to is a world of slavery. There could be no rights in a Reuther-dominated system. The worker would join the union and keep his mouth shut in the union, or else." The reviewer? John Chamberlain, who once served as daily book columnist of the *New York Times*. Sad when you think of the moral and intellectual deterioration of Mr. Chamberlain, since Mr. Sulzberger took over at the *Times*.

● Let those who are skeptical about the creativity of a Marxist culture dig the advent of a new art form that grew out of the proletarian dynamism of East Berlin. Henceforth there shall reign in the world of music the "political cantata," Communist authorities have announced. The first, due momentarily: a "Cantata on Lenin's Death"; and coming very soon, "Ballad on the Man Karl Marx and the Changing of the World."

● The United States Information Service, which supplies overseas American personnel with reading matter, has never made very clear the criteria on the basis of which it determines what is appropriate for consumption by Americans abroad. A few weeks ago USIS declined to purchase Edward Hunter's *Black Book on Red China*—for reasons it never made clear. And now it has declined to purchase more than a token number of copies of Professor Richard Walker's forthcoming book on Red China, on the astounding grounds that the "annotations" and "appendices" give the impression of pro-Communism! (The appendices consist for the most part in excerpts from Communist documents. Imagine if Senator McCarthy had parlayed such a thing into "pro-Communist"!) The excuses are too frivolous to take seriously. Richard Walker is a renowned anti-Communist scholar. All those who saw the abbreviated version of his book, as published in the *New Leader*, recognize it as timely and informed. One would think that Mr. Dulles or Mr. Walter Robertson, head of the Far Eastern Affairs Division of the State Department, would look into the strange refusal of the USIS to pass along to our overseas personnel literature composed by men who support the Far Eastern policy of Mr. Dulles and Mr. Robertson.

● Mention Charlotte, North Carolina, to a fluoridation advocate and he's a happy man. Because it was in Charlotte that the citizenry came down with a flock of new aches and pains after it had been an-

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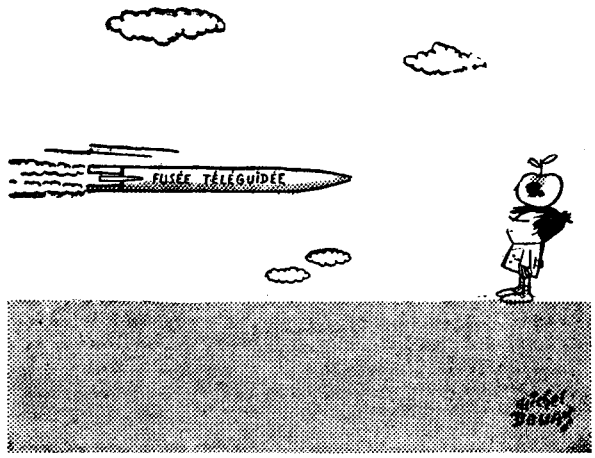
nounced that the waters were being fluoridated—but before the program had actually started. As a counterpoise to Charlotte, we offer you Mason City, Iowa. The tooth situation in Mason City was frightful, everybody said, from the local editor on down. Completely "out of hand" was how the local dentists described it. So the town decided to fluoridate its water. Only it found that it couldn't—because it develops that the water of Mason City has all along had more natural fluorine in it (1.24 parts per million) than is recommended for artificial fluoridation!



Carrefour

Change Your Partners

The speed of the reversal in French political life is almost too swift to be credible, if indeed it is a basic shift rather than a passing phase. With no long interruption since 1789, no matter what the form of government, the law of French politics has been: *toujours à gauche*—always to the left. It was a point almost of personal honor that a man should be more to the left than his father: a Radical if his father had been a rightist; a Socialist to the paternal Radical; a Communist, after the family Socialist.

But now, by the evidence of the first round of the general election, the sweep to the right begins to look nearly tidal. The Communist vote slashed by nearly a third; the equivocal Radical Socialist Party virtually eliminated; the leading non-Marxian leftists (Mendès-France, Mitterand) voted out of active politics; the improvised grouping of the old-line "hard" Gaullists, led by Jacques Soustelle, given nearly a fifth of the first week's vote and the assurance of the most powerful bloc in the new Assembly.

Within six months French political relations have been turned upside down. In May a leftist nation, at the end of the road, watched apprehensively as the rightist and authoritarian General took over the power that had fallen from the hands of the leftist leaders. In November the nation seems to have moved over to the right of de Gaulle, who has meanwhile shown signs of pulling back toward the abandoned left. For the moment, instead of de Gaulle leading France, it may be France that pushes de Gaulle.

Can it be that France has finally broken with the Revolution that was the prelude to the terrors and heresies of the modern world?

How to Cut the Budget

Both before and after the election President Eisenhower declared that government spending was the central issue before the country. He asked the citizens to vote Republican because so many of the Democratic candidates were "radical spenders." When the voters declined to follow his advice—possibly not seeing much difference between Republicans and Democrats on that score—he reiterated his own intention to slash government spending. He called on the responsible members of Congress as well as the nation at large to back him in the attempt to reduce the colossal expected deficit ($12 billion), halt inflation, and preserve the battered dollar from further erosion. So far, so good.

It is currently predicted that early in the forthcoming congressional session Mr. Eisenhower will be confronted with two large spending bills—the "Depressed Areas Relief Bill" and an omnibus housing measure—and that he will veto them. The President will veto them *even though he approves both measures "in principle"*—and has so declared. It is merely that in his judgment the programs ought to be somewhat more modest in cost than the Democratic Congress is expected to propose.

He approves both measures "in principle": that is the key to the budgetary situation. And this unlocks the mystery of why the government's spending, and the deficits and inflation, continue to mount year in, year out, under Republicans as under Democrats.

Over-all government spending will never be appreciably cut by a little pruning here and a small squeeze there. Government operations, uncontrolled by the need for profit or even solvency, are by their nature inefficient and costly. What pruning is done is usually illusory: the bureaus anticipate cuts by puffing up their requests for funds.

Big Budgets are simply the result, the reflection, of Big Government. The only way to make sizeable cuts in the Big Budget is to cut whole chunks and organs out of Big Government: that is to say, by lopping off entire agencies, offices, bureaus and activities that never did belong as a part of the government of a free country, and that could be better handled—and more cheaply—outside of government.

The Hoover Commission reports on government re-

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organization show us how to start. They list, for example, thousands of manufacturing and service functions—from paint-making to tailoring—involving billions of dollars worth of machinery, property and wages, that are being expensively and needlessly carried on by government agencies. Why not get rid of them, selling the plants and machines and the going services to the highest bidders, and using the moneys received to reduce the national debt? In its first two years the Eisenhower Administration moved along these lines, but somehow this divestment program got smothered.

Among the thousands of books and pamphlets published by the Government Printing Office at a big loss and written by persons on the government payroll, many could just as well be brought out—if there is any real need and demand for them—by private publishers. Why not farm out the greater part of the Military Air Transport Service operations, which have no direct military significance, to our great private air transport companies, which will do the job better and cheaper, and will continue to provide and train—as they do now—the ready military reserve that is MATS' excuse for being? Why should our government be in the housing business when our private construction industry has a record of accomplishment such as the world has never before seen or imagined?

There are the government-owned electric power plants. It would make quite a hole in the debt if they were auctioned off; and the taxes that would then be paid by private operators would help take care of both state and federal deficits.

And we haven't even mentioned Defense (responsible, contrary to public impression, for only a small portion of the budget's climb to a peacetime record), the X-billion dollar welfare and social security program, the $6-7 billion going this year to produce surplus agricultural commodities that the nation can't use, the considerable proportion of $5 billion in foreign aid that injures rather than serves the national interest. If Congress and the President want to save a quick $200 million tomorrow, they need only cut off the subsidies to our two Communist enemies, Gomulka and Tito.

The equation runs: Big Government-Big Spending-Big Deficits-Inflation. When a politician tells us he is against the last three but accepts the first ("the people's needs must be met," "you can't turn the clock back"), then he is a liar or a hypocrite or an ignoramus.

Excerpts from Adlai Stevenson's concluding articles in the New York Times *on his tour of Soviet Russia.*

"The Ministries choose the textbooks and determine the curriculum. American experts say that standards of academic and research work are high, probably higher than ours, because no 'local' interference is permitted."

"Here at the Yfremov works we saw enormous drills, presses, planers, cutters. 'Because you wouldn't sell to us, we have made our own,' an irritable factory manager said."

"There seems to be universal agreement between government, management and labor that 'productivity must go ahead' of wage increases. . . . 'What about strikes?' I asked. My very genial Soviet hosts replied that their workers . . . 'lack reasons for striking.' True, they went on, 'differences of opinion arise . . . and the trade union committee if necessary explains to the workers why they were not right in raising this or that question.'"

"We have heard much about slave labor in Russia. Perhaps some camps still exist far north. But the Stalin terror, the knock on the door at midnight, is over now."

"A related hope is that with economic improvement . . . the areas of scientific, economic and political cooperation will broaden. . ."

"Once Soviet policy and politics focus on economic welfare and the Russian people have a taste of the mass consumer's age, there will be no turning back from the welfare state and all that implies for Bolshevism as we know it." (*Sic*)

"Mr. Khrushchev's phrase was, 'We will bury you.' But he did not mean that they would kill us first. . . . I also concluded that the Soviet leaders may no longer believe in the inevitability of war. The reasoning is that the Soviet system will be so strong the West won't dare fight. . . . This vision of a supine, expiring capitalism seems psychotic to us."

"I think we must plug patiently away at stopping the arms race, with international supervision, and forego any lingering ideas of military superiority which will only accelerate the arms race. I think it would be most realistic and helpful if we recognized the principle of equality with the Soviet Union."

It Ain't Necessarily So

From all over, the talk is of the inevitability of American recognition of Red China. The rumor is that at the next session of the General Assembly of the United Nations the American delegation will agree to submit the matter of which China to seat to a general vote. That would pave the way for U.S. diplomatic recognition. And if all this does not come to pass under Eisenhower, it surely will (there *we* go doing it!) when the Democrats come in, in 1960.

Talk about the inevitability of historical movements is of course uncivilized, and undignified; and

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it is sad that so much of our time is devoted to accommodating ourselves to, rather than resisting, the Inevitable. If something is thought to be inevitable by enough people, it pretty generally comes to pass, strengthening its claim upon inevitability. We will recognize Red China? Inevitable. Quemoy and Matsu will one day be reintegrated with the mainland? Inevitable. We Communists will bury you? Inevitable.

Mrs. Roosevelt several weeks ago told a reporter she had not visited with Chiang Kai-shek on her last orbit around the world because she could not "bear to tell him the hopelessness of his cause." By that statement Mrs. Roosevelt accomplished two things, which normally one would think of as mutually exclusive, namely: she strengthened the public notion as to her largeheartedness (she couldn't *bear* to carry such sad tidings . . .); and she dimmed the hopes that flicker in millions of Chinese hearts, that some day freedom will come.

It may happen that Red China will bully its way into the United Nations. It probably will happen. *But it need not happen;* no more need it happen that the Communists will inherit the earth. If the friends of freedom spent as much time at the job of revivification as its undertakers spend nailing down coffin lids—we'd have freed China by now: and ourselves.

Put 'Em in Jail

A special passport committee of the New York City Bar Association has deftly juggled a hot potato in its report on "Freedom to Travel." Commenting on the right to travel, the committee, headed by Fifield Workum, makes the entirely valid point that refusing a man a passport is very much like denying him the right to freedom of speech, assembly or religion. No libertarian could ever abstractly approve such hobbling of the individual.

On the other hand, there is the omnipresent fact of the cold war, which has nothing abstract or libertarian about it. Taking note of the war, the Bar Association's committee thinks it "unrealistic" to expect "an early termination" of "concurrent passport problems."

Where does this leave us? The committee would permit the State Department to enforce "area restrictions" in cases of "exceptional gravity." And it would support the denial of a passport to a citizen if the Secretary of State can offer "reasonable grounds" to believe that the citizen is about to transmit "security information" or otherwise behave abroad as an enemy agent.

The trouble with this is that it involves the State Department in guessing games about probable intention. The Bar Association's committee would permit such guessing, provided that anyone who is denied a passport is granted the right to "meet the case against him."

Right here the hot potato begins to burn the fingers. To compel the FBI, for example, to make public in open hearing the identity of its sources of information would be tantamount to putting J. Edgar Hoover out of business.

The Bar Association's committee thinks that Congress could help if it were to define what constitutes "reasonable grounds" for expecting that a citizen will prove to be an overseas saboteur of U.S. policy. We doubt that any definition can be framed to cover the contingencies that might arise. Congress could make a good beginning, however, if it were to outlaw the Communist Party for what it is, a subversive agent of a hostile power. Then the government could deny travel rights to Communists by the simple procedure of putting them in jail.

In the Echo Chamber

John Stewart Service, John Carter Vincent, Oliver E. Clubb, Edgar Snow, Derk Bodde, Nathaniel Peffer, Owen Lattimore . . . Familiar? A few years ago the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee, after two years of exhaustive inquiry into the Institute of Pacific Relations, named these among the persons who had critically influenced United States opinion and policy toward China in the postwar years, when that large nation was drawn behind the Iron Curtain. The *Washington Post* and *New York Times* —remember?—told us that these men were as innocent as lambs, and if they did make some youthful mistakes from lack of experience, so did Pat Hurley and General Wedemeyer and even Freda Utley, and anyway, all that is past, and we are all good, sound Americans who understand the Communists and know what they are after. Recall?

With that, the IPR boys ducked out of sight, and laid low. Then, a couple of months ago, came a big new Chinese crisis. And lo and behold, who was back in the *Times'* letter column, spread over the pages of the Liberal weeklies, talking from the lecture platforms of the universities, but John Stewart Service, John Carter Vincent, Oliver E. Clubb, Edgar Snow, Derk Bodde, Nathaniel Peffer, Owen Lattimore! Chiang Kai-shek is washed up; the Communists are here to stay; we've got to come to terms with reality: just change the date a decade and it reads like a carbon copy. A friend of ours wandering through the State Department the other day was collared by James K. Penfield—one of the IPR crowd who, unlike Service and Vincent, managed to hang on to his job, and is now running the African desk. Penfield gave him the old one-two on why we must

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1940's Offshore Islands

(*August, 1940*) The bombs falling on the British Isles are a definite threat to the peace. They also serve as a dramatic warning that we can no longer hide from reality.

One need not pass judgment on the Nazi regime to admit the obvious fact that its rule is firmly established on the mainland. Both friends and foes acknowledge that this rule is the strongest in the history of the continent.

It is equally true that the so-called governments of Poland, Czechoslavakia, etc., which squat on England, were defeated, discredited and driven from the mainland. In Norway, for example, actual control is in the hands of the Quisling Government. A policy that ignores this fact invites trouble.

Exactly what are these make-believe governments that are the cause of world tensions? They consist of defeated armies, armies that would collapse without the protection of the RAF. They are led by discredited warlords who are lavishly financed by handouts.

As long as these refugee regimes plot to rekindle fighting on the mainland, Hitler can claim that the forces in England are a threat to his security. By refusing to recognize the real, effective governments on the mainland, we help to maintain and increase tensions. We make matters worse by supporting the ridiculous and dangerous pretensions of the exile **"governments."**

The present tensions also bring Hitler and Mussolini closer together. All chances for the spread of Quislingism—the theory of independent roads to fascism—are lost as long as the offshore islands are allowed to remain a thorn in Hitler's side.

Is England really worth fighting for? It's only an island. It has no military value other than as a base for troops, warships and aircraft. All thinking men realize that we must negotiate to eliminate this friction point. Removing the threat of an attack on the mainland is the first step.

A permanent solution would then become possible. It could take several forms. A League of Nations mandate over the British Isles is one answer. Or perhaps the "two Europes" theory could be made feasible in an improved international climate. Hitler might be given the mainland, England and Scotland in return for a firm promise not to attack Ireland until other means of settling the issue were exhausted.

The time is running out. If a global conflict is to be avoided, we must give bold leadership to the world. Nothing is impossible if we are determined to wage total peace. We can and must prove that the umbrella is mightier than the gun.

recognize Peiping and admit Communist China to the United Nations. Our friend, who has been around Washington a long while, rubbed his eyes, wondering whether he had been doing a ten-year Rip Van Winkle.

Well, in Their Case . . .

The *Atlanta Journal,* long acclaimed for its zealous defense of civil rights, has published a lengthy report on the complaint lodged by Attorney Essley B. Burdine in behalf of several of his clients who, Mr. Burdine insists, were deprived of due process by the Atlanta police. Mr. Burdine charged that 1) his clients had been held for "days" without arraignment, 2) they had been questioned for eight and nine hours at a stretch; and, moreover, that 3) their families had been harassed.

To the amazement of those familiar with the *Journal's* habitual impatience toward any abbreviation of civil rights, this time the paper pondered sympathetically the excuses that were quickly forthcoming for the authorities' brutal behavior. The police were psychologically inhibited from observing the niceties of the law by the "difficult nature of proving anything" in the particular case; in jailing the suspects before they were arraigned "the police apparently were following what lawyers describe as a 'local custom' "; in interrogating their prisoners at such length the police knew that "the appeals courts have been reluctant to rule out confessions obtained where there is no indication of force." Then the *Journal* tipped its hand: Do men "who belong to the organization to which the defendants belong, really have the right to be talking about civil rights?"

The defendants, of course, were the men accused—as yet not tried or convicted—of having a hand in the dynamiting of an Atlanta synagogue.

No Second Fling

The government will not bring Paul H. Hughes to trial a second time. At his first trial, such Liberal luminaries as Joseph L. Rauh Jr., co-founder of the ADA; Alfred Friendly, managing editor of the *Washington Post;* and Clayton Fritchey, editor of the *Democratic Digest,* solemnly informed a jury that, posing as a disaffected member of Senator McCarthy's staff, Paul Hughes had proposed to them that he continue in Senator McCarthy's employment, working as a double agent, to garner evidence of the Senator's crimes; that they hired him to do so, and shelled out over $11,000 in the ensuing months until they finally discovered they were being conned.

Hughes contended that his employers knew all

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along what his game was but that, so compulsive was their hatred for the Senator, they were willing to pay him to fabricate anti-McCarthy material. He offered as circumstantial evidence the proposition that men of such renowned political acumen could not possibly have believed his wild reports, among them that McCarthy kept an arsenal complete with submachine guns hidden in the Senate Office Building! In the summation, Hughes' attorney pleaded that though his client had admittedly "engaged in filthy practices," he should not be convicted "on perjured evidence gotten from men in high position." The jury acquitted Hughes on the relevant counts.

In recommending against a second attempt to convict Hughes, the government wrote: "During the trial the credibility of the major government witnesses was severely attacked by the defense . . . There is no reason to believe that a second jury would be any less receptive to the contentions made by the defense." An official opinion on the credibility, before a jury of their peers, of Joseph L. Rauh Jr., Al Friendly, and Clayton Fritchey.

Notes and Asides

As You Were

If we were hasty in accusing the University of Illinois of depriving its students of access to NATIONAL REVIEW, certainly we were hasty in offering the University, on learning that the library had in fact been receiving NATIONAL REVIEW for two years, so abject an apology. We had received the original information from a student—and we simply assumed he had made a mistake.

Comes the following chilly letter from the student in question, which would appear to put the situation at the University of Illinois in better focus. Peeved at our apparent lack of confidence in the reliability of his observations, our student this time lists three fellow students who undertook reconnaissance operations. "I have identified my sources of information by superscript signs: * = John Jones, # = John Smith, + = John Peters [we have, of course, changed the names].

"The University of Illinois subscribes for one copy of NATIONAL REVIEW. # The current issues of this copy are kept in the Reference Room (see below). Journalism (see below) ordered its own copy in 1957, but then cancelled the subscription and had the accumulated copies removed from the reading room.# Whether the room was then disinfected cannot be determined on the basis of available information.

"The University of Illinois subscribes for five copies of the *Nation*, five copies of the *New Republic*, three copies of the *Reporter*, and two copies of *USSR*.# The distribution of these copies is shown below.

"A fenced-off corner of the Reference Room (said to be the largest room of its kind in the world) is devoted to current periodicals—some 400 of them. Here NATIONAL REVIEW may be obtained from the librarian on request.#* Also available are the *Nation*, *New Republic*, *Reporter*, and *USSR*.# The Reference Room, including the corner devoted to periodicals, is normally used only by students (graduate and undergraduate) in search of specific material. It is not intended for 'browsing' or casual reading, and its use for that purpose is distinctly not encouraged.

"Most of the undergraduates who look at periodicals at all read them in either the Undergraduate Library or the Browsing Room of the Union Building.

"The Undergraduate Library receives by subscription the *Nation* and *New Republic*.#* The *Reporter* is also on display in this library,* but the library does not subscribe for this copy.# (Presumably, therefore, copies of the *Reporter* are contributed by some do-gooder.) The Undergraduate Library was offered a paid subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, but refused it on the grounds that its experts know what undergraduates should read.*

"The Browsing Room carries by subscription the *Nation* and the *New Republic*.#* Copies of the *Reporter* are also out on its tables,* but are not obtained by official subscription.# (Presumably the same situation as in the Undergraduate Library.)

"The University operates a High School, which has, of course, its own library and reading room. This reading room carries by subscription the *Nation* and the *Reporter*.# The *New Republic* is said to be also available.+

"Students in journalism and a number of other undergraduates go to the Journalism Library. This reading room (which, as I noted above, was once polluted by NATIONAL REVIEW) subscribes to the *Reporter* and *USSR*.#* The *Nation* and *New Republic* are also available,* although no subscription for them appears on the books.#

"Students in commerce (a very large college here) may go to the Commerce Library. This subscribes to the *Nation* and the *New Republic*.#

"Agriculture has its own library, which is, of course, chiefly frequented by future farmers. It subscribes to the *New Republic*# and receives copies of the *Nation* contributed by 'one of the professors,' according to the librarian.+

"The English Library carries none of the periodicals in question here. In my last letter I reported that the lounge in the English Building is equipped with *Nation*, *New Republic*, and *Reporter*. These are 'contributed' to the English Department."

We hope any future communications from the Librarian will contain a countervailing set of superscripts.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Voice of American Protestantism?

The National Council of Churches of Christ of the U.S.A. is the closest thing there is to a congress of American Protestants. Twenty-seven major Protestant churches are represented in the Council, as well as six Eastern Orthodox groups. Among numerically prominent Protestant bodies, only the Southern Baptist Convention has declined to affiliate. The Council is not —and given the nature of Protestantism, could not be—a dispenser of dogma. Its purpose, within the bounds of common theological commitments, is to give direction and leadership to the diverse sects that constitute the dominant Christian tradition in America. In moral, political and social matters it seeks to give American Protestantism a unified and authentic "voice," in the same way that its parent group, the World Council of Churches, would provide a voice for world Protestantism.

For many years the National Council has troubled hard anti-Communists of all denominations because of its posture *vis à vis* Christianity's mortal enemy. The Council has always, of course, been *against* Communism; yet its pronouncements and activities, especially its pronouncements, have lacked the degree of urgency and belligerency that involvement in mortal combat presupposes. Then, too, the Council has displayed a curious indifference to the many supporters of Communist causes who have participated in its affairs. Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam is the name most frequently heard; but there are others. Of the delegates to the Council's recent national convention, the proportion that bore some kind of Communist-front record varied between 30 and 40 per cent. The activities of Edwin T. Dahlberg, the Council's current president, are particularly scandalous in this regard. Nor has the Council's reputation been enhanced by its affiliation with the World Council which, among other things, finds room on its executive committee for the Czech Communist, Josef Hromadka.

Notwithstanding, the National Council has held on to its respectability. The highest church dignitaries, men of unimpeachable piety and integrity, grace its ranks. And the Council has had this further asset: a close and well publicized association with John Foster Dulles. In point of fact, the Council's predecessor, the Federal Council of Churches, spawned the Secretary of State. Mr. Dulles was chairman of its Commission on Peace in the early '40s when he first emerged as a world diplomat, and he has remained an active alumnus.

Moral Capitulation

Last week, the "voice" of Protestantism could no longer be accused of passivity or want of purpose in the struggle against Communism: it rejected the laggard's role and became the nation's leading advocate of political appeasement and moral capitulation.

The occasion was a four-day "World Order Study Conference" convoked by the Council in Cleveland. Some 600 delegates attended the conference which, began, appropriately enough, with an address by alumnus Dulles. The Secretary's remarks were, for the most part, uninspired. Yet he insisted, as he always has, on keeping the moral issues to the fore. "We oppose international Communism," he said, "because its creed and practices are irreconcilable with the principles of our state."

As the conference proceeded, it became clear that Dulles' moral stance, as well as the concrete policies he is identified with, were in for a bad time. At the end of the third day, the *New York Times* noted that "increased Protestant sentiment for the recognition of Communist China became apparent today [even though] incorporation of this sentiment in the final conference message is expected to meet resistance . . ." If there was resistance, it evaporated overnight. Herewith excerpts from the "Message to the Churches" which the delegates endorsed *unanimously*.

—"Stronger efforts should be made . . . to find ways of living with the Communist nations. Sometimes this is called 'coexistence,' but we are concerned with something more than the minimum meaning of the word." In addition to "competition between ways of life," we must seek "cooperation for limited objectives." In addition to opposing Communist expansion, we must recognize that "Communist nations, as nations, have their own legitimate interests and their own reasonable fears." Then the key sentence: *"We should avoid the posture of general hostility to* [Communist nations] *and cease the practice of continual moral lectures to them by our leaders."*

This from churchmen confronted with a total assault against their faith. A more direct censure of Secretary Dulles, incidentally, can hardly be imagined.

—"There is real hope [the message continues] that new generations within the Communist countries will be less fanatical in their ideological convictions and that they will be more preoccupied with peace, with economic well being and with . . . cultural freedom than with the attempt to dominate other nations."

—"It is not to be expected that [the Communists] will formally renounce what we consider to be their errors." Note that it is "errors" we are talking about, not evil; and then only *what we consider* to be errors.

—"We should welcome the fact that the world is not divided into two solid political blocs." The U.S. effort "to drive every nation" into such blocs "has been as mistaken as it has been unsuccessful."

—"With reference to China, Christians should urge [that steps] be taken toward inclusion of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations and for its recognition by our Government." The familiar arguments follow, plus this new one: "We have a strong hope that the resumption of relationships between the peoples of China and the United States may make possible also a restoration of relationships between their churches and ours."

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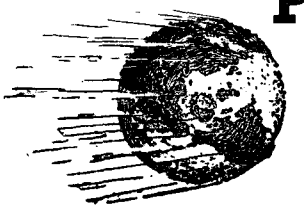

Promise and Threat Of United Europe

JAMES BURNHAM

For the few Americans who remarked it, a November 17 report that Britain had withdrawn from "the negotiations for a European free trade zone" didn't mean very much. Hardly any of us knew such negotiations had ever started. In fact, they had been going on for more than a year.

The British move had quick repercussions: a debate in Parliament, declarations by Belgium and Luxembourg, and the unprecedented journey of General de Gaulle to consult with Chancellor Adenauer. These incidents are among the many and varied pangs accompanying the prolonged birth of united Europe.

In 1953 (February 10 for coal and May 1 for steel) the European Coal and Steel Community came into active existence as a common administrative agency for the six nations of France, West Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg. On March 25, 1957, representatives of these same six nations signed —in the Hall of the Horatii and Curiatii on Rome's Capitol Hill— pacts creating the European Economic Community ("Common Market") and the European Community of Atomic Energy ("Euratom").

Dawn of the Common Market

On January 1 next, acting under the Common Market pact, the six nations will cut their mutual tariffs by 10 per cent and increase their mutual import quotas by 20 per cent as initial phases in a staged transformation of the Common Market into a free trade region.

The Common Market approach to a united Europe was first sponsored by France, in particular by Jean Monnet, who saw economic collaboration between France and West Germany as the key to Europe's future. (De Gaulle was in the past opposed, but he is believed to have changed his mind.)

Great Britain, in keeping with her traditional policy toward the Continent, is uneasy at the growth of so sizeable a continental unit which might discriminate against outside nations while cementing its internal ties. Britain has therefore proposed— as supplement if not substitute for the six-nation Common Market—a seventeen-nation "free trade zone" which would include all the West European continental nations plus Iceland. Under this plan, the sterling bloc nations (Portugal, Scandinavia, Greece) would be protected against discriminatory Common Market action. Britain, resting on its merchant fleet and imperial preference system, would hold on to its historical position as middleman for much of the Continent.

Different Paths, One Goal

German opinion is mixed. At first it was fairly solidly with Monnet. Lately Economics Minister Erhart, cocky over the drive of the German economy, has sometimes talked as if he would welcome an each-nation-for-itself free-for-all. The British hope to use this feeling as a lever to swing the Germans away from a restrictive and restricting interpretation of the Common Market.

The differences among these approaches are expressions of intricate problems of international trade, diplomacy and history. The two central points are: 1) all of these variant views are put forward within the perspective of an increasingly united Europe—the arguments are over means, not the end; 2) beneath the verbal disputes, the development of united Europe goes on.

In these years since the war the economic and material integration of Europe has leapt well ahead of the diplomats. The automobile has come to Europe, and automobiles won't accept the old border rigmarole. Standardized filling stations of the great oil companies stretch across all Europe. Planes are over Europe, and there are no frontier gates at 20,000 feet. With general electrification, the distributing grids cannot be held within national boundaries. Over the "Eurovision" TV network, all West Europe saw the coronation of Pope John XXIII. The new automated factories push their stream of products through all tariff barriers. And in spite of bureaucratic clutter, the NATO imperative gradually molds the West European armed forces under unified command with a unified strategy.

Let us add an inversion of the Communist Manifesto's first sentence. The specter of a United Europe is haunting the Kremlin. Very probably the forthcoming strides toward Europe's unity are among the prime motives that have prompted Moscow's new campaign on the division-provoking "German question."

The Kremlin's Specter

Since 1945, with the European nations divided, there have been only two great powers in the world. But if the nations of Europe could act together instead of severally, what would happen to Khrushchev's cherished statistics?

In the six-nation Common Market alone there are 170,000,000 persons, as against 200,000,000 in the USSR, only a half of them Russians. Excluding the captive nations, West Europe still has more than 300,000,000 inhabitants. The Soviet Union produces more steel than *any* European country, but less than *all*. There are seven European nations each with more than Soviet tonnage of merchant shipping. The Soviet Union has fewer than a million telephones (a tool of production as well as a toy); Britain alone has seven million. West Europe is this year producing 4,500,000 autos; the Soviet Union, at most two hundred thousand. Electric power production merely of the six-nation Common Market exceeds the Soviet.

Perhaps most ominous in the meditations of the Kremlin: during the past decade, the rate of expansion of production in the six Common Market nations—the core and nucleus of a united Europe—has been the highest in the world, higher than either the Soviet or the American.

Europe may not be so dead a corpse as "the colossal super-states of the periphery" have rather complacently imagined.

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He Fought Back

All you have to do these days to win a quarrel with an aggressive union that wants to muscle in—is be Sherman Billingsley, and own the Stork Club.

FINIS FARR

Though they outnumber the police by a conservatively estimated five to one, the roving toughs and bums of New York City are always happy when even a single officer is taken off patrol. They must therefore be highly pleased by the situation at No. 3 East 53rd Street, where a policeman is kept in one place all day and most of the night. This is because of violent behavior by picketing unioneers who have a grudge against the restaurant and night-spot which is located at that address and known, far and wide, as the Stork Club.

Since January 1957, the AFL-CIO bosses of two restaurant workers' unions have been trying to put the Stork Club out of business. But they ran into a type of man they had not hitherto encountered when they took on the club's managing director, a quiet-spoken Oklahoman named Sherman Billingsley. And the story of his battle against the unioneers may well encourage others to ask what authority is vested in a line of pickets, brandishing placards as they snarl and whine at people who have no conceivable interest in the matters allegedly in dispute.

The Stork Club strikers, of course, have done considerably more than merely set up an abusive picket line. They have tried to prevent the delivery of supplies and the removal of garbage. The Stork's air-conditioning system, a necessary for any restaurant, has been sabotaged. Even the union musicians in the club made aggressive gestures and Billingsley had to get rid of them. Billingsley and his family have received telephoned threats. Most shocking of all, in the opinion of many students of this case, was the assault on Billingsley's secretary, 26-year-old Sally Dawson. Early in the morning of March 27, 1957, this young woman was brutally slugged by two goons who told her to stop making shorthand records of picketers' curses at customers of the club.

For full understanding of the Stork Club, its owner, and his fight with the unioneers, one should begin research at the time more than twenty-five years ago when Sherman Billingsley, as a young real estate man, found himself holding the lease of premises occupied by a speakeasy. Those who came in late are hereby informed that speakeasies were restaurants which supplied alcoholic beverages in massive resistance to the Prohibition Amendment before its repeal in 1933. In many cases, the speaks were more respectable and

Sherman Billingsley

desirable places than some licensed premises today. But the proprietors risked destruction of property, heavy fines and even imprisonment, to carry on their trade.

In order to be sure of collecting the rent, Billingsley took over the management of the illegal restaurant. The place was in the theatrical district, and attracted among its customers such influential columnists as Walter Winchell, Westbrook Pegler and the late Heywood Broun, founder of the American Newspaper Guild. Shrewdly catering to these and other journalists and celebrities, Billingsley obtained for his place a special identity among the thousands of more or less similar establishments, and when Prohibition was repealed, immediately moved the Stork Club to East 53rd Street, where it prospered and became something of a national institution with charge-account customers in forty states.

Building a Business

Such success was by no means a matter of luck. The luxury restaurant and nightclub business is ruthlessly competitive and calls for tremendous efforts on the part of those who make a go of it. They must not only master the catering trade, but also become to a certain extent public performers, and play an agreeable and impressive role before their customers and in the newspapers. In this connection, observers of the New York scene are unanimous in their opinion that Billingsley is far and away beyond all competitors for single-minded attention to business, devoting as he does some sixteen hours a day to every detail from the polish on silver to the tempo of music and the regulation of lights.

Over the years, this dedication on the part of its proprietor made the Stork an accustomed gathering place for a long list of patrons which includes many of the stars of the theater, the movies, politics, and the various groups which are the study of society editors. It has also made Billingsley an exacting employer for 100 restaurant workers who in some cases resented the fact that he ran his place to please the customers rather than the staff.

This astounding business philosophy attracted the attention of union bosses

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early in the game. One of the first interested parties to approach the Stork Club for a discussion of organized labor, shortly after Repeal, was the gangster, Arthur (Dutch Schultz) Flegenheimer, later a casualty in some mysterious dispute among hoodlums. Flegenheimer got nowhere with Billingsley, even though he was introduced by a politician. But from the day of the mobster's first visit, the unioneers kept up their pressure on the Stork Club.

Nevertheless, Billingsley continued to run things according to his own ideas, and amply demonstrate his unique talent for the business. Obviously the Stork Club is a notable achievement in its field, and its director now has the satisfaction of seeing the children of old customers coming in. The Stork is a suitable place for young people, for Billingsley has discouraged the gamey "international set" and he firmly ushers out all pretentious phonies or fighting drunks the minute they become obnoxious, ordering them never to return. This policy is a boon to the properly-behaved in a place where liquor is consumed until four in the morning. It has also caused great shock and outrage to more than one loud-mouthed Broadway Liberal and Hollywood ham.

The Union Blitz

As time went on, a number of union barons saw in Billingsley's well-conducted resort an affront to every principle they held dear. They asked each other, what right did he have to be so finicky about the atmosphere and service in his place? Witnesses of the boozings at conventions of some unioneers say that the labor bosses in question want no more at a banquet than to have someone slap down a two-inch steak and a stein of rye. Certainly the Stork Club would not last twenty-four hours under these *padrones*. But in addition to their instinctive dislike of any sort of individual excellence, the union bosses had a strategic reason for trying to destroy the Stork Club. The club and its director were too well known to be allowed to continue indefinitely without union domination. It might give other restaurant owners the idea that they too could go on from season to season making their own decisions and minding their own business. The labor bosses decided to move at the first opportunity in a lightning attack.

The blitzkrieg was set off on January 4, 1957, when, on complaint of a chef, Billingsley sacked a dilatory meat-cutter who had been previously warned. Two AFL-CIO locals of dishwashers, bus boys, waiters, chefs, cooks, pastry cooks and assistants (which had never been recognized by Billingsley) were thereupon ordered to quit, and a mob of pickets gathered at the Stork's front door. The evident purpose was to liquidate Billingsley's entire trade by terrorizing customers as they crossed the public walk. One has to reflect for a moment to understand the full, sordid meanness of these tactics. If there is one thing a man taking out a woman or group of friends for an evening's entertainment does not want, it is to be insulted by a bum. No matter what he does in such a circumstance, the decent citizen is always the loser, for if he replies in kind, or takes direct action, the union rowdy will have him arrested and charged with disorderly conduct.

Mass Attack

The violent assault against the Stork Club came closest to success with the sheer venom of its mass attack in the first few nights and days. Many customers stayed away because, to put it plainly, they had been intimidated; others, of the Broadway-Progressive persuasion, observed the picket-line taboo in a Pavlovian reflex to the curious doctrine that in a labor dispute the employer is automatically wrong, and that any member of the public who continues to deal with him deserves whatever injuries the mob may inflict. And to make prospects of survival even more doubtful, for the first time in his career Billingsley began to get a bad press.

This last turn of battle surprised many students of New York life who regarded Billingsley as a master of publicity. It need not have, if they had taken into consideration the fact that most of the news in the metropolitan papers is written by members of Old Customer Broun's AFL-CIO American Newspaper Guild. Word had gone throughout all uniondom that face was involved and Billingsley must be destroyed by hook or crook. ("Billingsley isn't big enough to whip this International Union!" cried one labor boss.)

The Trespassers

The vilification of Billingsley in union circles was unquestionably at the bottom of an extraordinary incident at his house on East 69th Street. Here one day he encountered a gang of painters, from a job next door, sunning themselves and making his front stoop their lunch area. When the householder ordered the intruders off his property, he received insolent replies. He displayed a pistol, and the painters took off like big-winged birds.

That would seem to have settled the question of who owned the front stoop at No. 33 East 69th Street. Nevertheless, one of the trespassers had the effrontery to complain to the police that Billingsley had threatened him. In another period, the cops would merely have told this fellow to be off. But nowadays the police can hardly take the fight out of a mean drunk without running the risk of having their lives made miserable by a parcel of civil-liberties lawyers, and so they brought in the nightclub owner on a charge of felonious assault.

The ridiculous accusation was reduced to simple assault and then tossed out of court. It was shown that Billingsley had a police permit for the handgun (not to mention the second paragraph in the Bill of Rights), and that fifteen minutes before the trouble with the intruders, he had received a telephone call threatening his young daughter's life. Billingsley freely expressed his opinion of this harassment and, for his pains, was portrayed in most of the press accounts as a profane and irascible man who was some kind of unspecified public enemy. No more damaging picture of a restaurant proprietor could possibly be put in print. And the fact that it was not only unfair but inaccurate did not deter the wordslingers of the Newspaper Guild. This can hardly be admired as a feat of journalism, but it was indeed an impressive demonstration of union solidarity.

In spite of all, Billingsley continued

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to transact business at the old stand. He organized his own transport corps of rugged ex-cops and former servicemen to take care of marketing and refuse-removal. He found non-union musicians, kitchen and dining-room people as competent as the ones who had walked out. He passed the word to old customers that their friends were still to be found at the Stork Club, and they started to come back. Business picked up noticeably in the 1957 Easter holidays, and after that, the patrons disregarded the picket line. This was made easier by a court order restricting the pickets to somewhat more reasonable numbers. And as the bogged-down strike neared the end of its second year, the type-casting of the pickets changed, and they began to go in more for reproachful looks, like those of Emmett Kelly, the deadpan circus clown, than for outright abuse. However, a Stork Club picket was arrested for violent heckling while this article was being prepared.

Legal Battle

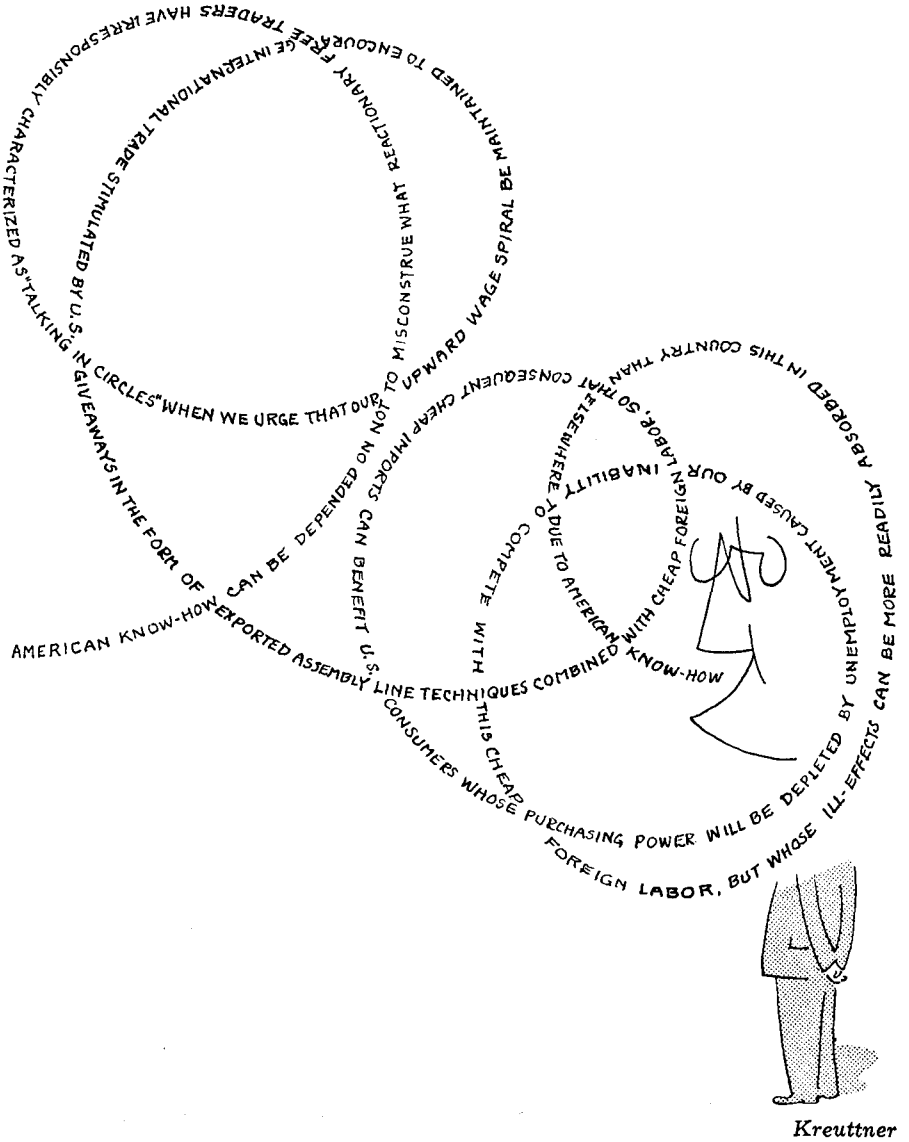
Meanwhile, the Stork Club case, based on accusations of "unfair labor practices," shaped up through months of litigation before Trial Examiner Bernard M. Fineson of the New York State Labor Relations Board. And the union bosses, accustomed as they are to howl with rage on the infrequent occasions when a labor tribunal rules against them, really got something to cry about this time. Examiner Fineson noted those Stork Club charge accounts in forty states; he also observed that in one fiscal year Billingsley bought supplies from Colorado, Utah, Washington, Missouri, California, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts and Minnesota. Obviously, Mr. Fineson ruled, the Stork Club was engaged in interstate commerce, and was therefore not under the jurisdiction of the New York Board, and his recommendation was that the complaint be dismissed. This recommendation has been appealed and a decision is expected very soon.

But that was not all the bad news the unions had to hear. Mr. Fineson also pointed out that the National Labor Relations Board, in turn, could not consider the union complaint, because the goods brought in from out of state by the Stork Club were valued at less than the $1,000,000 minimum limit for consideration set by National Board regulations.

These findings, which were in strict accordance with the rules laid down, committed the Stork Club case to legal oblivion. Of course the labor bosses immediately yelled to Albany and Washington, but so far nothing has been done to comfort them. Their only hope lies in congressional action, and because of the McClellan Committee's exposures of widespread union violence and criminality, it is unlikely that any measure directed at an individual employer can make its way through Congress for a while. Billingsley is still in business, and it will take more than unaided union pressure to make him close up shop.

One must admire Sherman Billingsley for carrying on this fight. But it does not take a political expert to see that more than the operation of one highly publicized luxury restaurant is involved. A universal principle is at stake. It is a principle which was eloquently expressed by the Spanish philosopher José Ortega y Gasset, in his study of political motivation, *The Revolt of the Masses*:

> As the mass-men do not see, beyond the benefits of civilization, marvels of invention and construction which can only be maintained by great effort and foresight, they imagine that their role is limited to demanding these benefits peremptorily, as if they were natural rights. In the disturbances caused by a scarcity of food, the mob goes in search of bread, and the means it employs is generally to wreck the bakeries. This may serve as a symbol of the attitude adopted, on a greater and more complicated scale, by the masses of today towards the civilization by which they are supported.


AMERICAN KNOW-HOW EXPORTED CAN BE DEPENDED ON NOT TO MISCONSTRUE WHAT REACTIONARY FREE TRADERS HAVE IRRESPONSIBLY CHARACTERIZED AS "TALKING IN CIRCLES" WHEN WE URGE THAT OUR UPWARD WAGE SPIRAL BE MAINTAINED TO ENCOURAGE INTERNATIONAL TRADE STIMULATED BY U.S. GIVEAWAYS IN THE FORM OF ASSEMBLY LINE TECHNIQUES COMBINED WITH CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR. BUT WHOSE ILL-EFFECTS CAN BE MORE READILY ABSORBED IN THIS COUNTRY THAN A CONSEQUENT CHEAP IMPORTS CAN BENEFIT U.S. CONSUMERS WHOSE PURCHASING POWER WILL BE DEPLETED BY UNEMPLOYMENT CAUSED BY OUR LABOR, SO THAT INABILITY TO COMPETE WITH THIS CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR DUE TO AMERICAN KNOW-HOW

Kreuttner

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Europe's Communist Vote Declines

The ancient democratic dogma that the membership lists of a country's political parties are a fair barometer of the convictions of its people was firmly laid to rest by the French vote on a new constitution. Besides the Communist Party, a number of organizations variously motivated by enmity to de Gaulle, fear of a new autocracy and even the suspicion that the revised constitution might be manipulated to restore the monarchy, instructed their faithful to vote against it. Judging from the strength of these organizations, the Constitution of the Fifth Republic should only have been voted for by 60 to 65 per cent of the citizenry. Yet the *ouis* turned out in infinitely greater number. Even if every single *non* came from the Communists, they would have to have lost almost one-fourth of their electorate; the loss is nearer to one-half. What then explains this sudden "change of heart"?

It has always been known that in France and Italy an enormous disparity exists between the membership of the Communist Party and the votes it commands. The leading papers of these parties, *Humanité* and *Unità,* have been in financial crisis for several years. Nevertheless, when it came to an ordinary election, Red party strength did not appreciably diminish.

The experts have long been aware of the inner weakness of these parties. Careful polls taken in recent years have revealed some curious facts, among them the rejection by 45 per cent of the Italian Communist *voters* of a law enabling Italians to divorce (and remarry) and the discovery that an identical percentage of French Communist voters fasts on Good Friday. (Something similar was found in Austria: four-fifths of the Communist voters approved of the Austrian law making religious instruction compulsory in the public schools.) In other words, not all Communist voters are party members; nor, perhaps, are all party members "convinced Communists." (And, finally, not all "convinced Communists" are fully instructed in Communist doctrines.)

The usual explanation for this is that most of the Communists in the Latin countries are "Communists of the stomach." This theory holds good in only a few cases, and it applies even less to the free non-Latin (and non-Catholic) countries in Europe, Iceland and Finland, both of which have strong Communist parties. The Icelandic Communist driving around in a Chevvy or Packard, the Finnish Communist eating five square meals a day, are hardly motivated by despair or hunger. Yet there is a difference between the "Northern" and the "Southern" Communist voter in the Free World. The former has much more "animal earnestness." He who votes the Communist ticket in Iceland and Finland is much more likely to be a convinced Communist. Icelanders and Finns are terrific readers. Reykjavik, with its sixty-odd thousand inhabitants, has over forty bookstores. Helsinki has the largest bookstore in the world. Illiteracy is unknown in these two countries, which offer a solid half-education to the vast majority of their citizens. In Italy, on the other hand, illiteracy survives in the South and compulsory schooling ceases at the age of twelve.

The Latin Comrades

The Communist sentiment (and the resultant Communist vote) in France and in Italy is admittedly made of another stuff than in Europe's north or in the United States. There has survived in Latin countries the "proletarian" *mystique* of the beauty of life in poverty, of romantic squalor and bohemian anarchy. This is pitted against an image of the dull, avaricious, petty, hypocritical bourgeois who will be overthrown by the "proletarian," the man of tomorrow. In the North (and this includes the United States) these vistas never prevailed. Northern Communists have always dreamed of eliminating both proletarians and plutocrats, of transforming nations into solid middle class populations.

The crisis of the French Communist Party, which one day will be followed by a similar development in Italy, is primarily due to the fact that the proletarian *mystique* is fizzling out. While French Communist leaders are unblushingly adopting upper middle class ways of life, the French worker is earning more handsomely than his German counterpart. If he had the German worker's knack of saving and investing, as well as a chance to rent decent lodgings, he would have been on his way to becoming a bourgeois long ago.

Two other factors have entered into this belated evolution: the enormous moral shock of the Hungarian Revolution, expressed by the attack which the Sorbonne students staged on the editorial offices of *Humanité;* and the slow penetration of the French working class by religious movements and notions. (It is false to say that the French worker had "fallen away" from the Church; the French working class was born and crystallized outside the precincts of the Catholic Church, which in the nineteenth century concentrated on the reconquest of the class responsible for the French Revolution, the bourgeoisie.)

Parties in Europe usually survive themselves for some time. Having lost their dynamism, forgotten their mission, watered down their ideology, they go on collecting votes and keeping their parliamentary position. This continues until the day when a strong challenge suddenly collapses the wormeaten shell.

I wonder how many of the French "Communists" used to vote for the party through a subconscious desire to see a strong, decisive and energetic "authoritarian" government, and switched to de Gaulle as soon as it became evident that the "strong man" could also be had on non-Communist terms. There must have been many of them. In Italy a similar crisis will shake the Communist Party to its foundations. But since the living standards of the workers in Italy are a great deal lower than in France we shall have to be patient.

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It's Not Over, Over There

Forty years after the Armistice: and a young American serviceman, stationed abroad, writes wonderingly, What on earth was it all about?

J. D. FUTCH

Having perused a number of provocatively orthodox notices of the fortieth anniversary of Armistice Day, I am moved to make a few comments of my own. I make these few jabs now, rather than four hundred years from now when an authoritative evaluation will be possible, if only because we have the judgment of Lord Russell that there is likely to be no four-hundredth, or even hundredth, anniversary at all, what with H-bombs and Sputniks and all the other fruits of progress which understandably alarm octogenarian Liberals.

If history teaches any lessons at all, they usually go unnoticed by most people and surely by all statesmen, so it would probably be less profitable than morbid and perverse to turn back to the first Armistice Day and remember something of the hopes and fair beginnings that seemed ours then and have somehow been transformed, over forty years, into a world of nightmare.

An analysis of the problems growing out of the war usually confines itself to another attack on the Treaty of Versailles, and so wrongly assumes that the greatest harms caused by the war are to be sought in the spirit of the peace, which grew out of the bitter hatreds aroused on both sides by propagandists. These violent passions were accompanied by an equally striking war-born idealism, usually referred to as Wilsonian because so much of it emanated from his own pronouncements. There isn't much point today in renewing the attack on the unstatesmanlike peace settlement when other and even more disastrous follies can be detected in the war itself and in the wartime reappearance of the West's revolutionary dream of building the Heavenly City on earth.

As Clive Bell has pointed out, the grandeur and nobility of the Allied cause swelled to vaster proportions each time it was restated. First we were merely fighting Nietzsche, who was sometimes called *deutsche Kultur* to confuse the Germans. But his name was hard to spell and harder still to pronounce and nobody had heard of him anyway, so this idea lacked plausibility. It was dropped for the claim that the Allies were *really* crusading for Christianity. However, the Allied ranks included Shintoist Japan, Confucian China, Buddhist Thailand, the anti-clerical French Republic, the heathen Senegalese, and the King of Italy who was by now habitually at daggers drawn with the Pope. The Central Powers were nominally led by His Apostolic Majesty of Austria and Hungary, the devout if eccentric Wilhelm II of Germany, and the would-be Byzantine emperor, Ferdinand of Bulgaria; and these Sovereigns were embarrassed by the presence of only one pagan, the Sultan of the Porte, in *their* midst. So it developed that the argument from Christianity couldn't bear a survey of who was fighting whom. It had to be abandoned in turn so that the Allies could announce that theirs was the cause of nothing less than civilization itself. From this nebulous but awesome claim it was easy and pleasant to conclude that the chief antagonists, the Germans, were barbarians. ("Huns," in fact.)

"*Self-Determination*"

While defending the world against such a menace, the Allies said that they meant to secure the "democratic" form of government for all countries wishing it (all had *better* wish it) and the right of every people to "self-determination." In the peace treaties and in the League of Nations Covenant these principles received full recognition (if only scanty implementation). Here—not in the matter of war guilt or reparations, which matters assumed finally a subordinate importance—were the seeds of future trouble.

The theme of national self-determination appealed strongly to the United States, which from the time of the Latin American revolts in the 1810s and '20s has indulged a doctrinaire penchant for encouraging independence movements. The assumption is that because the English-Americans living in the 13 Colonies in 1776 were capable of free government and independence from Great Britain, the people of Indonesia, say, and "Ghana" are by definition also ready for self-government.

In 1918 the idea was abroad that everybody—well, *almost* everybody, was "ready." The people living in the ex-German and Turkish possessions happened to be more nearly ready than those in French and British colonies, for example; and so (passing over this tribute to German and Turkish administrators) plans were made to hasten the day of their independence. To accomplish this a system of "temporary" mandates was set up. The victorious Powers unselfishly accepted the responsibility of governing these areas for the time being. And so the transfer of German jungles and islands and Turkish deserts to the dominions of England, France, Japan, and other allies was duly effected.

The break-up of Austria's empire, the creation of the European "succession states," and above all the establishment of the mandate system, were the outward expressions of the Allies' commitment to self-determination. The inward expression of this principle became a state of mind in the West inimical to further imperial expansion.

Twenty generations rather than twenty years would seem to separate the heyday of late nineteenth-century

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imperialism from the time of the Armistice, Versailles, and the new decade. In the 1870s Jowett of Oxford could talk of England's destiny to become mistress of Africa in the twentieth century as of India in the eighteenth and nineteenth; Cecil Rhodes in the '90s could make serious plans to realize this arresting idea; and Lord Salisbury could propose to the Czar that Britain and Russia divide Asia from Peking to the Mediterranean between them into exclusive spheres of influence.

On Armistice Day, 1918, the physical and financial exhaustion of the West was exceeded only by the debilitation of its *virtu*. Not only the terrible conflict, but its own high ideals, crystallized anew and publicized during the war, had rendered such imperial schemes fantastic.

The movement of Mahatma Gandhi was soon to appear in India, and Weimar Germany's hopes of retrieving the lost colonies were worse than fruitless: they were incongruous with the times. The Italian and Japanese empire builders of that time came to be regarded as little more than international brigands by the weary successors of Disraeli and Joseph Chamberlain, who, significantly, had no difficulty in pressing this opinion on the world.

1945—and Revolution

When 1945 came, 1918's ideal of self-determination began to yield its latest strange fruits: the ex-Great Powers found their self-confidence shattered, along with their power, and their dominions and colonies aflame with revolutionary excitement. Amid these dismal circumstances Europe lost control of the Eastern Hemisphere —and the only two appreciable Western influences to survive the debacle in Afroasia were the cult of industrial progress and nineteenth-century Marxism. Today it is not very difficult to see the time when these developments will have relegated the Old World to the uncomfortable position it occupied between the time of Charles Martel and that of the last Ottoman siege of Vienna not quite 1,000 years later, that of the none-too-powerful object of the East's aggressive designs.

The deterioration of Western power out over the world, and the forfeit of the eastern and southeastern approaches to Europe, are the most imposing of all the disasters to arise from the "Great War." Beyond this, however, the Allied policy of seeking self-determination for all and sundry (except in inconvenient cases) occasioned other mischiefs.

The greatest national casualty of the war was, after all, not Germany. Though mutilated and robbed, the Reich survived as such; whereas the empires of Austria-Hungary and Turkey were literally annihilated. "Everybody" was convinced that the Hapsburg and Ottoman empires were somehow impossibilities in the twentieth century because of their "undemocratic" regimes and their inclusion of subject minorities within their borders. For reasons of wartime policy and misguided ideals alike, then, it became virtually, if not formally, a cardinal Allied war aim to dismember these two hostile powers and create in their place a number of small states based on *Volk* groupings.

Not only would such a solution realize one of the most stirring hopes of the age; it would likewise enable Great Britain and France to organize "little ententes" upon the ruins of the Turkish and Austrian realms. Unfortunately, neither of the great democracies was inclined to defend its new *protégés* when the need arose, and in the place of new spheres of British and French influence the war and peace left only a couple of power vacuums—one in east-central Europe to succeed Austria-Hungary and to include former provinces of imperial Germany and Russia, and the other in the Near East.

Rising Dictatorships

As Germany and Soviet Russia began in the 1930s to regain their strength after more than a decade of defeat and weakness, it must have appeared, too clearly and too late, that the peacemakers had blundered in writing off the Hapsburg empire and welcoming, if not inspiring, the establishment of a mosaic of comic-opera countries from the Gulf of Finland to the Ionian Sea. This *cordon sanitaire* of the 1920s between Russia and the West had by the late '30s either to be defended by its Western patrons or allowed to fall to one or both of the great continental dictatorships. At first the British and French were unwilling to accept either alternative but they finally elected both, *viz.*, though they went to war in 1939 to protect Poland from Nazi conquest, they have been obliged to witness almost twenty years of German and Russian occupation in eastern Europe. As Winston Churchill has remarked, "There is not one of the peoples that constituted the empire of the Hapsburgs to whom gaining their independence has not brought the tortures which ancient poets and theologians had reserved for the damned."

If the disintegration of 1918's East European settlement occasioned the outbreak of World War II, the arrangements growing out of the work of Allenby, Lawrence, and Balfour in the Near East during the "Great War" have proved an exceptionally fruitful source of conflict in Cold War times. Here the Balfour Declaration on behalf of a Jewish national homeland in Palestine poisoned the atmosphere from the time of its promulgation in 1917. It was hoped that this clumsy maneuver would alienate the loyalty of Germany's Jews from their country where they had made impressive contributions to the nation's life and where they deservedly stood in high favor.

During the postwar years growing difficulties plagued the Near East —and Britain—thanks to the conflicting Allied promises to the Arabs and the Jews. The uproar continued for thirty years and culminated in 1948 in the foundation of an independent Zionist state in Palestine, where the Arabs had once been allowed to hope for a land of their own. A decade of Israeli-Arab tension has ensued: Arab national feeling has reached the height of fanaticism and feeds a revolutionary spirit, which has been driven nearer and nearer to the Soviet orbit.

Pursuing that will-o'-the-wisp, self-determination, has led to still more than the destruction of the West's self-confidence *vis-à-vis* Africa and Asia. It has done more than fragment and throw open to conquest Eastern Europe and the Near East. It has contributed also to the establishment of Bolshevism in Russia.

The Imperial government's allies of the earlier war years welcomed, in

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a rather uncomradely spirit, the overthrow of the Czar and made it widely if a trifle belatedly known that it had been terribly embarrassing all along to have the Russian autocracy fighting the Huns alongside the defenders of Christianity and/or civilization.[1] The advent of democracy on the steppes was awaited from moment to moment.

When Kerensky was superseded by Lenin the consternation of the Allies knew no bounds, or hardly any till the Bolshevists signed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk early in 1918 and freed the Germans from the pressure of an eastern front. The Western countries got a bad fright as the *Reich* turned the whole of its flagging strength against their armies, even though the United States had just entered the war and placed its outcome beyond doubt.

Meanwhile, the Allies were occupying various fringe areas of Russia in order to keep war materiel out of enemy hands. A few in the West, apparently the prescient Winston Churchill among them, recognized Communist Russia as the probable seedbed of incalculable future mischief, and called for enlarging the scope and purpose of Allied intervention for the benefit and victory in Russia's civil war of the "White" or "Menshevik" forces—*i.e.*, its curious coalition of monarchists, republicans, conservatives, liberals, and socialists, united by their opposition to the October Revolution. They fought it, knowing what it meant, and many did not survive. The West has not followed their example. Those who survived suffered persecution or exile. The West did not notice their sacrifice.

Unfortunately, President Wilson decided that the only way to enable Russia to determine her own destiny at that moment was to let the Reds and Whites fight it out without foreign interference. He favored minimum aid to the Mensheviks, if any. Though Attorney General Mitchell Palmer was anxious about Soviet-inspired radicalism in the United States, the government was not unduly alarmed at the Kremlin call for world revolution. More disturbing, it felt, were the possibilities of Japanese encroachments in Siberia.

This generous, though not sympathetic, attitude was all that Lenin could have asked for and, added to the dissensions that harassed his "White" opponents, it contributed mightily to the founding of the USSR on a firm basis. Whether that event has proved a boon or a bane to the right of the East European, and how many other (!) peoples to enjoy the right of self-determination should not be difficult to decide.

Publicity Promises Fade

Such have been the results of a well-advertised crusade for national freedom for all. The other object of our endeavors, democracy, has hardly fared much better.

One of our targets in the war was nebulously identified as "Kaiserism," which seems to have denoted dynastic strong-man rule accompanied by the use and gaudy trappings of power.

It should be a matter of fairly general knowledge today that this "Kaiserism" about which democrats were so exercised in those days was another of the fantastic products of Allied propagandists' imagination. Wilhelm II once observed to ambassador Gerard, poor man, that the President of the United States was actually invested with far greater power than he, the King of Prussia and German Emperor.

It is too bad, but not surprising, that the world made "safe for democracy" fell pretty quickly under the domination of many great and little Kaisers, every one of them more sinister than the woodchopper of Doorn. The period dividing the first two world wars was markedly a generation of dictators. It is not hard to argue a direct causal relation between the war fought for noble ends and the ignoble ends that subsequently overtook many liberal regimes in postwar years.

The twin evils responsible were the economic dislocations arising from the prolonged strain of war, and the spiritual ones that developed "the morning after" when everyone woke up from the intoxicating vision of a new, freer, better world conjured up by wartime publicists in general; more particularly by politicians who, like Lloyd George, were more generous with their promises than with fulfillments; and most particularly of all by the ill-starred Woodrow Wilson who, with the highest and therefore the most hopeless and most dangerous intentions, tried to lead mankind to a Promised Land too distant to be seen clearly, let alone arrived at.

Tragedy: Political and Moral

Twentieth-century authoritarianism has made and utilized a sensational discovery, the most exciting since the discovery that decapitating a king in public presents stunning theater. The new finding is that most people care little for liberty after all, and much for life and the pursuit of happiness. Under these circumstances it was simple for dictators to rise up in the midst of folk troubled by postwar hardships of one kind and another, perhaps a question of mass unemployment, or inability to manage the parliamentary institutions so greatly in vogue after 1918 and so ardently encouraged by the Allies—or perhaps eagerness to follow anyone who appeared able to work some of the wondrous changes which the prophets of victory's hour had foretold.

Heaping righteous wrath on "Kaiserism," the forerunners of Goebbels and Madison Avenue did nothing to call attention to a much more disquieting peril to "democracy," that of bureaucracy and the welfare state. Although the roots of these phenomena lay deep in the nineteenth century their menace was not widely heralded, or even recognized, during the war fought to save democracy—and yet its growth was spurred appreciably by the war itself, the more so as its alleged purpose was to secure ends so grand that only an Augustan government could even hope to realize them.

The tragedy of World War I transcends that of the people who lost their homes, fortunes, and lives through it. It is, on the political level, that the gains of Enlightenment and Victorian liberalism in the West have been jeopardized and with them the position of the West in the world. And the moral tragedy is the same, related more briefly and more eloquently than here in Genesis, Chapter Three.

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1 Amends were made, however, by Britain's refusal to admit the deposed Imperial Family as refugees; and soon afterwards they all died under Communist bullets and bayonets. King George was deeply distressed; Lloyd George, rather less so.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Ballot in the Hand

In the early days of the acquisitive State, when Lloyd George was rousing the rabble of Britain, one of the campaign songs that sparked his confiscatory attack upon the landowners ran this way:

> The land, the land,
> The land on which we stand,
> God gave the land to the people!
> The land, the land,
> The land on which we stand,
> Why should we be beggars
> With the ballot in our hand?

With appropriate diminution of the appeal to the divine—to the point of zero—and with a transfer of the attack from the landowners to property owners in general, this is the theme upon which all variations of the twentieth-century socialist revolution have turned. It is most blatantly developed by the Communists, who forthrightly demand the total confiscation of productive private property; but in a lower pitch it is the theme of the continuing American revolution in its successive phases: the New Deal that launched it; the Fair Deal that continued it; and Modern Republicanism which has been its stage of consolidation.

The Modern Republicans, their function of making the revolution respectable fulfilled, have gone down to defeat before those who are ready and anxious to carry the revolution to its next stage. The combined forces of the Reutherite trade-union oligarchy and the left wing of the Liberal establishment now dominate the national scene. Their program as expressed in the demands of the AFL-CIO, the proposals the *New Republic* is pressing upon the incoming Congress, and the ideological pronouncements of such stalwarts of the New and Fair Deals as Justice Douglas and Leon Keyserling would make even Franklin Roosevelt startle in his grave. The magnitude of their demagogy is indicated by Keyserling's bland assumption that any family with less than $7,500 a year, any family that cannot "afford trips abroad [and] university educations for their children" is, as the social workers say, "underprivileged."

Keyserling may go a bit farther in his demagogy than others, but he sets the tone of the demands with which the new Congress will be greeted by those who brought about its election: a federal health program, a federal education program, legislation to destroy the effectiveness of Taft-Hartley and entrench the power of the union leaders, sharply increased social-security benefits and public-housing expenditures.

From Lloyd George to Reuther the advance of the welfare state, the advance of the bureaucracy to power, has been almost unchecked. The formula is always the same: "Why should we be beggars [or be content with less than $7,500 a year] with the ballot in our hand?"

What can conservatives oppose to this call to safe and legalized robbery? Certainly not the Modern Republican counsel to rob more slowly and more delicately. It is immoral counsel; and even if it were not, all the me-too election campaigns, including those of the Modern Republicans this year, have shown that it doesn't work.

But neither, I think, can conservatives rely upon the argument which they have too much used, the argument that the socialist or welfarist system, whether in its simple form or in the form of a "mixed economy," will not work, that it will in the immediately foreseeable future collapse. This simply is not true, as theory could have foreseen and history has shown.

It *is* true that the industrial revolution and the immense leap in productivity and the standard of living that accompanied it were only possible because of the capitalist economic system; it is also true that the high standard of living which welfarism can distribute in the United States, and to a lesser degree in Britain, is a distribution of reserves accumulated by the success of capitalism; and it is true that even in the Soviet Union and Communist China, where capitalism had never functioned sufficiently to accumulate such reserves, the economic development achieved depends upon the existence of a technology which was the product of capitalism.

What is *not* true is that, given the historical conditions of the abundance made possible by capitalism, welfarism is certain to collapse in the short or medium run. Welfarism, or any form of socialism not dependent on terror, can survive as long as the fat inherited from capitalism lasts. But even this is not the end. When the fat runs out and the incentives to productivity have been drowned beneath the sea of levelling social policy, the methods of Communism still remain: coercion and the threat of coercion can be substituted for the lost incentives of a free society. In the long, long run the human spirit will indeed rebel against the lowering of the skies. But this is a far cry from depending upon immediate collapse of a welfarist economy as the decisive argument against welfarism.

No, the only ground on which conservatives have to stand is a moral and spiritual criticism of the essential inhumanity of socialism and welfarism: the levelling that, by reducing the person to a statistical number, degrades all men, whatever their capacity or position; the ignominious removal of responsibility for his future and his family from the hands of individual man into the hands of an all-probing bureaucracy; the steady attrition of all separate and rooted centers of power and the massive growth of a single bureaucratic center of state power which from day to day gains more and more control over all the avenues of thought and life.

Upon a platform of opposition to these, the true evils of welfarism, conservatives can firmly stand. To such a platform men of spirit will rally. And if men of spirit do not outnumber those to whom the ballot is a weapon for self-aggrandizement, they overweigh them in will, in intellect and in influence. Once united, they would have the capacity to save the Republic.

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The Faint Heart of Walter Lippmann

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

On some subjects Walter Lippmann's views have been so changeable and contradictory that a witty Washington hostess gave him the private nickname, "Operation Cross-eyed." But on one subject he has displayed a consistency worthy of a better cause. Whenever the United States has been faced with a demonstration of Communist aggression his attitude has been that of an appeaser and a defeatist. These terms call for definition.

An appeaser is one who seeks peace by making unilateral concessions, at his own expense or at the expense of an ally, in the face of force or threat of force. A defeatist is one who systematically exaggerates the political, military, diplomatic strength of the enemy and disparages that of his own side.

Long before the crisis over Quemoy and Matsu, Lippmann lived up to this double role on test after test. Even before Yalta, he was eagerly writing off Poland and the other nations of Eastern Europe as a Soviet sphere of influence, and warning against any attempt to build up Germany and Japan as postwar allies.

When the Roosevelt policy of "getting along" with Stalin at any price in national honor and long-range national interest was replaced by the Kennan policy of "containment," Lippmann was so upset that he devoted a small book (*The Cold War: A Study in U. S. Foreign Policy*, Harper, 1947) to a bitter, sustained criticism of containment. This was not on the reasonable and proper ground that containment attempted too little and suffered from the grave disadvantage, in politics as in war, of a static defense; but on the ground that it attempted too much.

He saw the United States losing allies, losing Europe, losing almost everything, if it dared to say No to early Soviet designs of expansion, subversion and conquest in Greece, Turkey and Iran. On all these points he was decisively proved wrong by the course of events. Stalin did get out of Iran. The Greek Communist guerrillas were put down. Turkey has been built up into a stout eastern bastion of NATO.

Wrong on Germany

He has been equally, unteachably wrong in his judgment of Germany. Again and again in his columns, with almost obsessive insistence, he has returned to the propositions that the Soviet Union holds all the cards in Germany and that the German people are just on the eve of repudiating Adenauer, rejecting rearmament and alliance with the West and going overboard for some scheme of neutralized reunification that would leave the country a helpless pawn in the paws of the Soviet Bear. Referring to the Adenauer-Dulles position that only a reunification of Germany on the basis of free elections and free institutions is a goal worth aiming at, Lippmann wrote in his column of November 1, 1955:

"The trouble with this position is that in the not so very long run it will alienate us from the Germans who mean, if they must, to negotiate for reunification directly with the Soviet Union and the East Germans."

Three years have passed since this column was written, and what has happened? Adenauer and his policy of close association with the West have been endorsed for the third successive time, and by a record majority. The new German army is rapidly becoming the strongest military force on the side of freedom in Europe. There is no sign whatever of any German political group of consequence being willing to put its head in the Soviet noose by going through the farce of negotiating with the Soviet puppet regime in the East.

Certainly the situation as regards the cause of freedom and America's own national security offers no cause for enthusiasm. But had Lippmann's advice been followed this situation would have been not bad, but positively catastrophic. There would be no NATO, no arming of West Germany, no American air bases in Great Britain and Spain. Lippmann never seems to realize the role of will and courage and willingness to take reasonable risks in the conduct of a vigorous and effective foreign policy.

In the crooked mirror of his mental reflection we are always, to use the words of his column of June 19, 1956, "inflexible, sterile, unrealistic and wishful." The voice of the Kremlin is regularly represented as the voice of history, which it is idle to resist.

It was during the challenge posed by the unprovoked Red Chinese bombardment of the Quemoy group of offshore islands that Lippmann reached the height of his efforts as cheerleader of the forces of appeasement and defeatism on both sides of the Atlantic.

To desert an ally, to welsh on the moral implications of a treaty recently concluded and ratified by overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Congress, became, in the new dictionary of appeasement and defeatism, an act of high statesmanship. To run away from an exposed outpost under fire was represented as proof of a capacity for world leadership, likely to rally to the American standard all the wavering uncommitted nations of the world. To offer "asylum" to the head of an allied government which we have knifed in the back and to "repatriate" hundreds of thousands of its followers to death or slavery in Red China is an act worthy of a great power with a Christian tradition.

Is this an exaggerated interpretation of what Lippmann has been advocating in his column? Let him speak for himself. On one occasion he recommended that Formosa itself should be "neutralized and demilitarized" and that "the bulk of the mainland Chinese should be repatriated to the mainland . . . Chiang and his lieutenants should be given asylum in some safe place."

One of Lippmann's most detailed and revealing expositions of what he would like to see in the area of Formosa is to be found in his column of October 2, where he is obviously licking his chops over what he interprets (one devoutly hopes, erroneously) as a fundamental backdown

(*Continued on p. 382*)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Shaken NEA

From all the noises the officers of the National Education Association and its affiliates have been making recently, one might think that this powerful lobby was gaining in strength. But not so. A recent NEA publication discloses—though only when one reads the columns of statistics, for the paragraphs of verbiage endeavor to conceal the sad fact—that the NEA has lost some twenty thousand members in a single year!

The immediate reason for this decline, probably, is the fact that the NEA doubled its annual membership fee. But a healthy and popular organization would suffer no such marked decay because of a few dollars' additional assessment. For many of those who terminated their memberships, probably the additional dues were merely the straw that broke the camel's back; and a convenient excuse, when reproved by NEA-enthusiast superintendents, that "they couldn't afford it."

In Puerto Rico, the membership among teachers has dwindled away to almost nothing; in New York City, only about 5 per cent of the teachers belong. The highest percentages of membership are found in Middlewestern and Western states, for the most part sparsely populated and comparatively remote from the intellectual currents of the day. Even the arbitrary tactics of many superintendents and principals in virtually ordering their teachers to join, or in deducting dues from salary without authorization, have failed to keep up the membership.

Among present and former teacher-members of the NEA whom I know, the principal complaint is boredom. The frequent conferences and "workshops" of these educationist bodies do nothing but repeat the shopworn doctrines of a generation past, which many teachers now know to be absurd; and to pass resolutions demanding that someone, especially the federal government, give them more money. For the very real problems which serious school administrators and teachers confront, they have no answers; and they allow no one else to offer any suggestions. The NEA, by the way, is as democratic an association as is the Teamsters' Union.

The power of the NEA and its state affiliates remains great, of course. They control, indirectly, most of the important appointments in the university departments of education, the teachers' colleges, the big schools, and the little schools. They are a formidable pressure-group upon Congress and every state legislature. They have nearly every state superintendent of public instruction and state board of education twisted round their little fingers. Yet their days of grandeur may be numbered. There is strong protest against these hierarchs from without: the recent (and unsuccessful) attempt by the NEA people to boycott *Life* and *Time* told against their arrogance. And there is protest (though usually silent) from within, as suggested by the decline in membership.

Rival Organization Needed

An intelligent school administrator tells me that the only real way to diminish the clutch of the NEA upon our schools is for intelligent teachers to establish a rival, and sounder, association. Only locally, and more among college instructors than among school teachers, have there been attempts at this.

A teachers' association genuinely interested in the improvement of the American mind and heart could do noble service among us. The NEA hierarchs are interested chiefly in power, money, and yesterday's Progressivist slogans. The American Federation of Teachers differs little from the NEA in its principles, though it is engaged in a perfunctory competition for membership with the NEA. The Teachers' Union is simply a band of Communists and fellow-travelers, and fortunately has sunk into obscurity.

But teachers' associations are not necessarily boring or baneful. In England, for instance, the Teachers' Union (not to be confounded with the American organization of the same name) has generally defended decent standards and professional freedom and responsibility. A few years ago, the Labor-dominated Durham County Council, in a fit of Socialist zeal, decreed that all teachers employed in the Durham schools must be members of the Teachers' Union (and all other county employees members of appropriate unions). There were indignant protests from several quarters; but the greatest, and most effectual, protest came from the Teachers' Union itself. The Union declared that it did not want teachers to be forced to join anything, not even the Union; and that it did not desire members who enrolled only upon threat of forfeiting their posts. The County Council remained obdurate. Very well, said the Teachers' Union, we will strike in defense of the right of teachers *not* to join our union. If the Council persists, we will close down every school in Durham rather than endure this insult to the teaching profession. At this point, the government in London intervened and ordered the Durham County Council to withdraw their order, which had no real sanction in law.

The NEA officers, on the other hand, would be delighted at the prospect of compulsory membership, I am sure. They already practice what amounts to a CIO-automobile-plant checkoff system in many schools; in some others, superintendents insert into teachers' contracts a provision that the signatories must agree to join the NEA or its state affiliate. (Sometimes this clause is inserted without the knowledge or consent of the members of the school board; I advise such readers as are school-board members to look into their teacher-contracts.) If the NEA were a really free association, headed by scholars, it could do a great deal toward the reform of our schooling. But it is something different: an arbitrary lobby headed by a clique of doctrinaire administrators and "executive secretaries."

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Man or Symbol?

ANDREW LYTLE

The action of Brainard Cheney's *This Is Adam* (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95) and Richard Wright's *The Long Dream* (Doubleday, $3.95) both depend upon the inequality of status between the white and Negro races. How does a Negro get justice in a world where the laws and manners are white: how particularly can a member of a servile race, unable as he is to assume full responsibility for his deeds, retain his humanity or, even at times, his life? In both novels a Negro is the hero. The conflict in Mr. Cheney's book involves a close but formal relationship with a white woman; in *The Long Dream* by Mr. Wright there is no particular woman but the idea of White Woman. Money plays a crucial part, and reliance upon it fails both heroes.

It seems to me that of the two books Mr. Cheney's is sound fiction, while Mr. Wright's is a form of allegory approaching propaganda. It is homiletic, designed not for fictive truth but to arouse certain feelings beyond the book. The difference lies in the way the authors approach their material. Mr. Cheney sees his hero, who becomes surrogate husband and father to his dead patron's family, not in racial but in human terms. He allows to Adam the same temptations, virtues and vices which afflict all men regardless of race or previous condition of servitude. The racial disadvantage and peril makes more dramatic his action and final triumph, triumph as a man among men, but especially over himself. This is to say that Mr. Cheney uses the fact of racial discrimination to intensify the conflict, allowing it to grow out of recognized conventions of behavior.

Fiction exists as it imitates men in society. Equality neither of opportunity nor of condition nor of intrinsic worth exists in nature nor in the artifice of the state. Order in the state depends upon making formal the dissimilarities and distinctions; only in this sense is a man free to act, because he is acting out of his limitations and his place. Any other action is license. This is the Christian view, which has never taken the fallen state of man as a happy one, nor the world as the end in itself.

Adam in the back yard with his hat, the Widow Hightower messing with the milk cooler on the porch make a concrete image of racial barriers. But the image is also ceremonial, and as such it in no way impedes but speeds their private and common business. Through it each pursues his self-interest and thwarts the low cunning of the country banker and his associates. By the sacrifice of what each wants of the world, Adam and the widow transcend the selfish interest each has in the other. At the end they both understand that there are values greater than money, as they check the dark forces, if momentarily.

In *The Long Dream* fear and hatred become the only conventions of intercourse between the races. Each race is isolated from the other. Their only contact is through the police, itself entirely criminal. It preys upon the Negro population, and the Negroes prey upon each other. Fishbelly's father, an undertaker, shares with the police chief the profits from the vice of the colored underworld. The undertaker sees money as the only weapon he can fight with. Money is also the symbol of mutual criminality. The Negro pretends servility but takes his cut. Fishbelly hates his father for this but comes to imitate him. The boy's hatred for the race which denies him humanity becomes a longing for White Woman, not a woman to love but abstract Woman who would recover him his self-respect.

Adam twice sees upon the enemy face the look which says his skin is not human. The desire for abstract Woman is the obverse of this. Each denies to God's creature, man, his humanity. Before this sin, Mr. Cheney's resolution is Christian; Mr. Wright's, economic determinism. There is no love in *The Long Dream,* only lust (sex), greed, brutality, pride, and belief in the power of money, that other American dream. This belief brings Fishbelly's father to his death and the partial dignity of following a half-truth. Fishbelly is not the man his father was. After tricking the law, he escapes to Paris with six thousand dollars of tainted money. There is irony in this flight. It is not the author's.

Hating is as good an idea as any to begin a book, but the action is "plotted" and arbitrary. This inhibits any creative act, for how can an author know enough in the beginning to say exactly how a conflict will grow? It also makes abortive the human action, by killing off the white-looking mulatto Fishbelly begins to love. A minor character, she is completely convincing. This arbitrary selection of incidents and situations is extensive. No segment of a population can only hate or love. Police have their criminals, but no chief who deals in crime is going to take pay-off in ten years of blank checks. The action depends upon this. Nor can two races in a small Mississippi town be so isolated as Mr. Wright makes them. In spite of a contrived story, Mr. Wright's talents often bring his half-truths into the appearance of truth.

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Stuck with Majority Rule

WILLMOORE KENDALL

If there be such a thing as a good Liberal (other than a dead one), then in this reviewer's book political theorist David Spitz is—and has been for a long time—it. He writes out of a vast firsthand knowledge of the literature of politics; he is clear-headed, unsentimental, *sérieux*. He would not, one gets to feel, try to have it both ways on an intellectual issue, even if nobody were looking and he could easily get by with it. He is aware that there are points of view different from his own that might be worth listening to, and makes a patently honest effort to understand them and come to grips with them. Best of all, he writes with respect, warmth and affection of those who disagree with him: he really means it about freedom of thought and speech—to the extent, for example, that one senses in him a man who on his campus would insist that academic freedom extends even to Conservatives. He would, I think, even leave out the "even."

Spitz' preoccupation in his new book (*Democracy and the Challenge to Power,* Columbia, $5.00) is twofold. First, our alleged failure, here in the United States, to discover and maintain a "mode of government that respects the principle of consent as *the* legitimate source of power" (the italics are mine, but should be his). And, second, the continued denial, within our political system, of "certain [inviolable] rights which are indispensable to the very principle of democracy—namely, such freedoms as the freedoms of speech and political association, and such equalities as equality of citizenship and equality of opportunity, . . . [which are] minimum rights without which no state can be termed democratic."

With respect to the first of these propositions, his logic appears to run as follows: the principle of consent is *the* valid principle of authority; that principle calls as a matter of course for democracy; democracy calls for majority rule; and majority rule calls for the elimination of the non-majoritarian features of our political system (separation of powers, staggered elections, over-representation of particular constituencies in our bicameral legislatures). Spitz recognizes, in a word, that democracy is *stuck* with majority rule (a thesis upon which this reviewer has been hammering for many years), and that, therefore, those who defend democracy as something other than a *pis aller* (*i.e.,* as valid in and of itself), must also defend majority rule and its foreseeable consequences as something other than a *pis aller* (that is, as something it is possible to make out a case for). Whence—and Spitz travels the whole road—the "barriers" to majority rule have, in principle, to go.

Unlike most writers who take this position, however, Spitz does not demand that we rush out and do something about it: he sees that the majority of the American people simply do not want majority rule (as the majoritarians define it), and that for a minority to impose majority rule upon the majority would be "undemocratic." So for him to demand that we rush out and do something about it would run him afoul of what, officially anyhow, is the only ethic he has, namely, the notion that right is whatever the majority in a democratic society decrees. He is, in

Random Notes

Joe McCarthy is dead, but he still seems to fascinate Liberal hatchetmen. Richard H. Rovere, who wrote the snide attack on the late Senator in the August issue of *Esquire* (see NR editorial, 8/2) has now announced that he is writing a whole book about him. The book, we are told, will not "be simply expansion of the *Esquire* piece, but a full-scale study of Senator McCarthy, the kind of man he was, and the forces that molded him."

Musical comedies used to be pure froth or sentimental pleasantry or mild satire—innocuous relaxation in a tensed-up world. But now not even the most serious writer is immune from "adaptation." Announced for this season: musicals based on John Steinbeck (*Of Mice and Men*), Somerset Maugham (*Of Human Bondage*), Eugene O'Neill (*Ah, Wilderness!*). As yet no word of one based on *The Critique of Pure Reason* or *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—although the latter, considering the trend, looks like a natural for some enterprising team.

Progress of the American Djilas. We quote entire an item from *Publishers Weekly* of November 3: "Earl Browder will participate in a special election program on November 4 over the Metropolitan Broadcasting Company's Channel 5. Mr. Browder will be one of the guests commenting on returns as they come in. On October 28 Mr. Browder discussed his book, *Marx and America* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce) on WJAR-TV in Rhode Island as part of an educational course, 'The Philosophy of Communism,' for which academic credit is being given. On November 16 he leaves for Europe where one of his visits will be to Victor Gollancz, who has purchased English rights to *Marx and America.*"

Man Bites Book Club. The Institution for Motivational Research (it really exists, and that's its name) has discovered that many of the members of a leading book club (name undisclosed) have been so overcome with guilt because they did not read the books they took that they dropped their memberships. The book-club solution: changing the emphasis of their advertising from reading the books to "building a library."

And speaking of book clubs, the University of Michigan Press proudly proclaims that the phenomenal sale of the first four volumes of its *History of the Modern World* has been achieved without book-club support—in fact, that it has formally turned down three book-club offers. Can it be that the tie-in sale of books is on the way out?

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short, prepared to bide his time about the barriers—so long, of course, as everybody is perfectly clear that they are unjustifiable; which, however, has the effect of leaving his argument just a little up in the air.

There is a better way out for him, incidentally, which he can learn about from Bertrand de Jouvenel's *Sovereignty,* where it is argued that the "sovereign" can set up procedures for the exercise of his sovereignty which from one point of view may seem to limit his authority but from another are seen to increase it; that at the height of the French monarchy such procedural limitations abounded; and that they were not, and rightly were not, regarded as inconsistent with the monarch's complete supremacy. That is how this reviewer thinks of the barriers to popular rule in our constitutional system.

What lies heaviest on Spitz' heart is Phase Two of his preoccupation, that is, the continued denial of rights, the continued "abuses of power," the continued "oppression," that he sees as he examines our politics and our society. He regards democracy as demanding a way of life in which there is *no* discrimination, *no* favored position for any creed or idea, and he will not, one gathers, be satisfied until we have all learned to live that way of life. Here also, however, he places himself a cut or two above other Liberal political theorists by recognizing that "oppression" pretty certainly can't be eliminated (it is always a matter of more or less, of lessening this abuse of power or that one); and that this abuse of power is sometimes eliminated at the cost of increasing other abuses of power. He therefore shies off the socialism to which his logic might easily have led him, and concedes that, even where the enforcement of civil rights is concerned, giving the government full enforcement powers might expose us to grave dangers.

"Oppression," let us be clear, is for Spitz what stands in the way of the "open society," made up of individuals who are politically equal. And we must have such a society, he never wearies of saying, because "democracy" requires it—there being no criterion external to democracy by which to decide what behavior, whether individual or institutional, is oppressive. Spitz' democracy, in a word, is democracy pure and simple; it generates its ethical principles as it goes along, and denies that there is any other source from which ethical principles might derive. "Suppose," he writes, ". . . we grant the right principles are those revealed by God. The obvious question is, which god?"

Well, let us answer him: The God of the "In God We Trust" on the nation's coinage. The God of the chaplains in the nation's armed forces. The God whose name is Yahweh, and around Whose Revelation, united in St. Paul with Greek philosophy, has grown up that which we know as Western Civilization—which, accordingly, does not need to ask the question, "which god?" And it is that civilization that has created and preserved the intellectual virtues which David Spitz exemplifies. Despite himself he keeps appealing, quite inconsistently, to notions of justice and decency that do lie outside, far outside, his miserable little game of majority rule. It would be nice if he would come aboard, where he's needed.

The Quality of Nock

FRANK CHODOROV

Snoring as a Fine Art and Twelve Other Essays (Richard R. Smith, Inc., West Rindge, N.H., $3.00) is a collection of essays by Albert Jay Nock, now made available in book form, with an introduction by Suzanne La Follette. The subjects Nock chose to write about—from women to travel, from literature to politics—were as varied as one would expect from a man of letters of the old school. In his tastes and interests he was quite cosmopolitan. But, no matter what his subject, he brought to bear upon it a subsuming philosophy, not something that he would deign to spell out as in a textbook, but something that was in him. It could be called, although he might object to its being labelled, the philosophy of individualism.

For a full appreciation of this philosophy one is compelled to digest a number of his books and essays, though *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man* can give the careful reader a fair outline. Nock was such an individualist that he could never bring himself to be didactic about it, being convinced that no one could be a votary of his philosophy unless nature had so arranged "the furniture of his mind."

The essays in this latest collection were written about a quarter of a century ago, and yet each of them is as applicable to the current scene as if it were written last night. The title essay, "Snoring as a Fine Art," begins as a story of a general who, when his staff officers began arguing about the relative merits of their grand plans, would lean back and take a nap. He was not interested. He had an idea that nature was wiser than he, and that if he cooperated with her, she would lick the enemy for him, with a minimum cost to his army. Besides, he knew what was in the enemy's mind and what this enemy expected him to do; if he didn't do it, the enemy would be quite undone. The enemy was Napoleon. Sure enough, nature did her work well and Kutozov, the snoring general, accomplished what all the generals of Europe had tried to do and failed.

The relevance of the story to current affairs is apparent. You get the idea that if Dulles did more snoring and less travelling, our affair with Khrushchev would be far less irritating than it now is; after all, as Nock would say, the laws of economics are on our side, and so are the laws governing the course of dictatorships; why not let them do the work for us?

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When you read "Epstean's Law," you have a better idea of why statism has come upon us—Nock started predicting its coming in the 1920's—and though the essay may leave you with a feeling of hopelessness, you at least have an understanding of its basic cause. In "Utopia in Pennsylvania" you learn how a people can, if they set their minds to it, upset the State's applecart; it is a story of the Amish people who made the New Deal look foolish by simply refusing to cooperate with it.

And so it goes. Each of this baker's dozen is a commentary on life in the present, and will probably be so a quarter of a century hence—even though some of the incidents and personalities mentioned are already entombed in history. It is modern reading, and all exquisitely delightful.

The Passing Scene

Football, Rousseau—and Salinger

H. GIFFORD IRION

SOME TIME ago *Life* Magazine ran a piece on the deflation of the football hero at American colleges. The typical student, one was informed, no longer approaches the game with that "do-or-die" spirit which was once so common on the campus and, as a result, the athlete has suffered in loss of prestige. A little later, there appeared in *Modern Age* a serious criticism of J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. The writer, Albert Fowler, traced the origin of Holden Caulfield back to the eighteenth-century humanism of Rousseau. At first glance there might seem to be no connection between the two articles, but I think I am not straining a point to say that they can and should be taken as spotlights on a single problem which is of the utmost significance. Let us consider football first.

Most thinking people will hardly regret the passing of an attitude toward college sport which was so juvenile that it brought discredit on higher education. I am referring, of course, to the rah-rah spirit which demanded victory at all costs, even at the cost of maintaining standards worthy of an institution of higher learning. But the opposite position is also fraught with danger.

About three years ago I found myself on the Alumni Council of Haverford College, an institution which has consistently maintained the highest scholastic standards and has never, to say the least, been regarded as a big football school. At one session of the Council the subject of football policy was discussed. No one had the slightest wish to convert Haverford into one of the nation's "Ten Best" or to go all-out for athletic scholarships. There was, however, some concern with the bland indifference of a young man who spoke on behalf of the student body. I have no idea whether his remarks were representative but he quite frankly disclaimed any interest in whether football continued to be played or not. Before we were through, it became clear that those who agreed with him—and they were a minority, I am glad to say—did so because of a conviction that football victories were just like scholastic awards; they demanded an extraordinary effort and the result was discrimination in favor of those who succeeded. I hope I have not exaggerated or perverted this position but if my description is even approximately accurate, we are confronting a concept of life which is effete and demoralizing.

The phrase "rebels without a cause" has been used a good deal and has even been taken up by young people as an apt description of their generation. What should shock us into sober reflection is the fact that there may be a cause for the rebellion which is sensed more than understood. It is entirely possible that the cause is really the destruction of Western Culture. If this sounds too implausible, let me suggest that we now turn to Salinger and see what he offers us regarding the youth who are currently in high schools and colleges.

Holden Caulfield, the hero of *Catcher in the Rye*—if the term "hero" can so be used without making it absurd—is an appealing figure. He is a lad possessed of all the virtues, but one who is frustrated and finally defeated by a hostile society. Wherever he looks he finds sham and hypocrisy. He is the lonely artist, amoral and primitive man whose innate goodness is corrupted by an insensitive world. That world, of course, is a product of civilization, and Salinger here is a true follower of Rousseau.

What emerges from his picture of Holden Caulfield? We see a pathetically ill-adjusted creature, a sort of modern Parsifal, a guileless fool, who is either unwilling or unable to make the simplest concessions to his environment. Unlike Parsifal, however, he seems to move without purpose unless we take his complete egocentricity as a purpose.

There is, of course, no radical change in human nature, but in former ages human nature was shaped and developed by institutions which were the product of thousands of years of experience. No one could grow up without feeling in some degree the civilizing pressures of Western Culture and, it goes without saying, that these pressures enforced a good deal of compliance and compromise. That is precisely what Rousseau was fighting against and, insofar as one can extract any philosophy from Holden Caulfield, it would seem to be what he was also fighting against. Discipline, whether it be mental, moral or physical, was a thing which Holden could never tolerate. Yet all education is a form of discipline and the boy who refuses to master his own wayward nature will have his nose punched by those whom he offends just as surely as he will flunk Math. Holden is pathetic, to be sure, but his pathos derives from his ridiculous obstinacy in refusing to take a fair look at himself.

I offer the suggestion that the students who consciously reject the will to win in football—or any other endeavor—are really Holden Caulfields and that football is just one institution among many which excites their resentment. There is no question that Holden and his contemporaries desire self-expression but they object to having any rules at all. This is the heritage of Rousseau; and, stripped to its essence, what we are seeing is a struggle between the Christian doc-

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trine of man's nature and Rousseau's. Christianity recognizes that man is composed of both good and evil, that his God-given freedom is the cause of his wickedness as well as his sublime achievements. His inclination to sin is always present and without the framework of civilization—one might say, without the protection of civilization—man's egoistic drive will destroy himself and his fellows. One does not have to be a professing Christian to believe this. All that is necessary is that, by whatever name sin is called, its existence and its destructive force be recognized.

The opposing viewpoint denies that man has evil in his nature. Evil, it is said, is caused by institutions, and institutions are the visible façade of traditional culture. Therefore they must be done away with. The enemy here is not Communism; it is the ineradicable urge within our own selves for unrestricted self-indulgence, the craving to be free of rules, manners, morals and all the institutional devices which have been so painstakingly wrought to hold society together.

I worry about Holden Caulfield. I do not believe he is in a mental institution. I believe he has been enrolled at scores of American colleges and that his scorn of football is only one small gesture, a minor thumbing of the nose at his heritage. I believe he is a passionate child of Rousseau—although in his aimless ignorance he has probably never heard of Rousseau, much less studied him. It may be, as some have suggested, that the adult, the civilized portion of society should be behind bars while the undisciplined and innocent savages roam at large. Yet I cannot help wondering what would happen on a football field if both teams were composed exclusively of Holden Caulfields. Perhaps they would be too bored to play. On the other hand it is possible that those of us who watched from behind our bars would be treated to a spectacle which would make an ancient gladiatorial battle look like an ice cream social.

Movies

99,999,999 Hurrahs

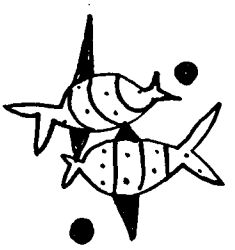
FRANCIS RUSSELL

FRANK SKEFFINGTON, the politician-hero of Columbia's film version of *The Last Hurrah,* Edwin O'Connor's best-seller, is about four degrees removed from reality. Everyone in Boston knew the real Frank Skeffington. The shamrock shutters of his neo-Georgian house, built for him long ago by a grateful contractor, are one of my childhood recollections. In later years I have sat and listened to the somewhat fruity voice in the Edwardian-baroque of his drawing room —though I don't suppose he called the room that. He once gave me a record album of his speeches.

His autobiography of a few years back was written by a friend of mine, and I happen to know what *didn't* go into it. The autobiography is twice removed from reality, once by Skeffington, and again (necessarily) by my friend.

Edward O'Connor's novel, though amusing, had no great depth. If he had wished to strike deep he would have taken his Skeffington sociologically as the representative of a new emerging class, a half-way man between the beaten immigrant Irish of the Famine and young Senator Kennedy. Or else he would have seen him as a Balzacian will-to-power individual whose ego plus his two fists brought him from the slums to wealth and position. O'Connor preferred the stereotype of the feckless lovable Celt, at least a degree removed from the toughness of the autobiography. Yet even in his novel the Cardinal—modeled after the late Cardinal O'Connell—could remark of Skeffington: "He stole. How much I have no idea; the estimates vary widely. I presume he still does . . ."

No such presumption about a Catholic Irish-American politician will ever be made in Hollywood. The film Frank Skeffington is up to all the political tricks (comic), but Columbia specifically underlines his honesty. His opponents are a phalanx of proper Bostonians, to whom Scrooge would have seemed a free-spending philanthropist, who convey the meanness of their natures principally by squinting. Skeffington wants to borrow enough money from their bank to build a housing project in a slum where children are being slaughtered daily by traffic. But these Yankee Herods will have none of this, until Skeffington triumphantly outwits them in an inane parody of one of the book's chapters. The film limps along in the wake of O'Connor's original plot, with a deathbed reconciliation scene between Skeffington and his erring Junior as a bonus tear-jerker.



Skeffington, the Number One reality, though in his eighties, was still man enough to filmflam Columbia out of some $40,000 damages before the picture's premiere. Where the damage is in this whitewashed version of his life is hard to make out, unless they made him so good it embarrassed him; but no doubt the cost can be charged off to advertising.

Remembering John Ford's vulgar and tawdry parody of rural Ireland in *The Quiet Man,* I knew pretty much what to expect from *The Last Hurrah.* And I was not disappointed. Its characters are gross stereotypes, the original plot watered down to the level of a ten-year-old. McCluskey, the androgynous young man who finally defeats Skeffington in the mayoralty election, would not in real life have got himself elected dog-catcher. The Cardinal, though brought up in a Boston slum, for reasons best known to Donald Crisp speaks with a Cork accent. Cardinal O'Connell, prince-prelate that he was, for reasons best known to himself spoke like a precise upper-class Englishman. Blank-faced Jeffrey Hunter as Adam, Skeffington's sympathetic nephew, expresses the whole gamut of emotions either by shaking his head or shrugging his shoulders. Skeffington's hangers-on are caricatures, geared to the mindless laugh. The lean-jawed young Hollywood monsignor, the Cardinal's secretary, shakes hands with a cordial "Pleased to meet you." Old Cardinal O'Connell

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would have taught him better fast enough! So it goes. And yet, in spite of the synthetic material, Spencer Tracy as Skeffington does somehow manage to convince, to convey something of the stamp of the amiably piratic original. Even on the Skeffington death-bed he rings true.

But as for the rest of the cast, Ford could have made a far better selection from among Boston's first-night audience, which included every political leader and legman within twenty miles of the City Hall. These smilers with the knife beneath the Chesterfields are better actors on their own than the film ones. Whether even they could have done much for the film is dubious, though they would certainly have made money out of it. When everything else is said, *The Last Hurrah* is just plain dull.

According to the glossy brochure handed us political first-nighters, *The Last Hurrah* "will be backed by a total-penetration campaign that will have a far-reaching effect across the nation. Watch the national magazines, the syndicated columns, TV and other mass-communication media for the buildup of a hundred million hurrahs for *The Last Hurrah*." May I, from behind Boston's iron curtain, register my dissent?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A SPIRITUAL AENEID, by Ronald Knox (Sheed & Ward, $3.00). Mgr. Knox was another of those souls—like Newman and Péguy, Graham Greene and, in her way, Simone Weil—who have been coming to the Church from the outside since the mid-nineteenth century to serve her earthly history with public persuasiveness as well as private devotion. Converted from Anglicanism at twenty-nine, he published this Apologia the next year, in 1918. Many years later, he added a preface in which he gracefully deplores the inadequacy of his book and at the same time affirms that his conversion has been "the only action in my life which I am quite certain I have never regretted." It is in this same preface that he also makes a statement which seems to me the core of his temperament—sage, subtle, self-reckoning, unpresuming—though it may also be the sort of attitude which only a convert, or a potential one, could find pertinent: "Faith is a gift, and may be withdrawn; when people whom I know lose (or seem to lose) the faith, I remind myself that there, but for the grace of God, went I."

R. PHELPS

A CONEY ISLAND OF THE MIND, by Lawrence Ferlinghetti (New Directions, $1.00). Although the publication of Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* gave San Francisco another famous bay, a title humanely sufficient for the entire donkeywork corpus of the San Francisco Poets might be *In Brays of Folly*. For not since the days of Dada has a more heavy-hoofed herd of asses jazzed the sacred grove of song. Of them all, Lawrence Ferlinghetti is the only one who might have been a poet. True, most of his poems are silly. Sexual description may shock prosaic policemen, as Mr. Ginsberg profitably discovered, but it is all rather old-fashioned and pathetic to the uncommon reader. Yet there is evidence, fleeting enough in the cloud-chamber of Mr. Ferlinghetti's verse, in an occasional glancing image, in an occasional striking play on words, which bespeaks the particular poetic instinct. But no poem of his proves its existence. Here is confirmation that poverty of thought or, better still, poverty of passionate belief, cannot be sustained by richness of expression or form.

E. CASE

THE GREENGAGE SUMMER, by Rumer Godden (Viking, $3.50). One August in a Marne orchard, five English children made themselves ill stuffing on greengages. There is much equally luscious and "undigestible" about Rumer Godden's prose, as she prunes all but the ripest words to raise this little Eden parable above usual narrative. Along with plums, the youngsters soon gather that something not so luscious thrives at Les Oeillets, which through their own (quite) original innocence finally grows to desperate heights. Uncle William had always warned his nephew and nieces, "If you only listen to me. . . ." But now they didn't; Eliot, another English visitor, charming like the greengages, is more than any kids could resist. He feeds them on sweets, excursions, and then a bellyful of life when they see through him. The moral is that little eyes are bigger than little stomachs, and that life and plums both have their seedy sides.

J. L. WEIL

Forthcoming Reviews

Forrest Davis on *Wedemeyer Reports!*, by Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer . . . Hugh Kenner on *Letters from Hilaire Belloc* . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer on *Agee on Film*, by James Agee . . . Ralph de Toledano on *The Reporter's Trade*, by Joseph and Stewart Alsop . . . Frank Chodorov on *Brainwashing in the High Schools*, by E. Merrill Root.

ARABESQUE AND HONEYCOMB, by Sacheverell Sitwell (Random House, $6.00). This book on the cities of the Middle East has the quality of the author's other travel volumes. It is a compound of sharply unique observation, a neo-Georgian style and an unobtrusive though formidably learned background. There is a nice balance between architectural history and the homely incident. Mr. Sitwell manages to conjure up the scene with the immediacy of its emotional impact. If, nevertheless, *Arabesque and Honeycomb* does not equal such an earlier volume as *Spanish Baroque Art*, it is because for all the excellencies of the present book it is clear that the author had to do a certain amount of boning up to write it. Europe, Mr. Sitwell inherited; the Middle East he had to acquire—and that is the difference. The photographs by Alexandra Metcalfe, especially the colored ones of the blue mosques, are of rare beauty.

F. RUSSELL

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To the Editor

"The Capitalist Manifesto"

Today I read with great dismay Mr. van den Haag's review of *The Capitalist Manifesto* [October 25]. It seems to me his article displays naive misunderstandings and emotional antagonism.

The authors define the role of government in fairly explicit terms, but Mr. van den Haag writes that "it is hard to see how this [making every one a capitalist through redistribution of wealth] is to be achieved without the government controls which the authors oppose."

. . . It would have been more interesting and instructive if, for instance, Mr. van den Haag had clarified his categorical statement that "Messrs. Kelso and Adler are not aware of the revolution in value theory"; or if he had indicated the extent to which they are indebted to St. Thomas for the principles of justice upon which *The Capitalist Manifesto* is based; or if he had speculated on the ethical problems implied in an economy which would practically eliminate manual labor.

Pearl River, N.Y. JEAN F. WICKLAND

Critic or Smearic?

John Abbot Clark, who did one or two delightful things for your magazine in the past, has come a cropper in "Wolcott Gibbs: A Tribute" [November 8].

First, Mr. Gibbs was not the most hated dramatic critic in America. Gibbs was a *vulgate* imitation of George Jean Nathan, who was America's most hated dramatic critic and who would never stoop to the verbal tricks Mr. Gibbs practiced, and which he often swiped from WW, who would ruin a play with a pun. Nathan was erudite; Gibbs was the darling of cloak and suit Mammas who rose in the economic scale and therefore demand ART. And who could know better what art was than the gang who ruled the *New Yorker*, spent much time in pseudo-Aristophanic attempts to belittle their betters and often succeeded? I would say that the *New Yorker* has done more harm to political economy and culture in the country than John Dewey unwittingly did.

What is so honest about some of the quips Gibbs wrote and which were reprinted in Clark's piece? Let's look at one:

On the revival of Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest:* "Nothing withers faster on the vine than fancy liberal thought." I don't know about that. The *New Yorker* is a case in point. It's been around for 35 years [and] its circulation grows like Topsy. . . . If you hear a rumble under you it's Beerbohm turning in his grave.

New Rochelle, N. Y. HARRY SERWER

"Fancy Liberal Thought"

I wish to congratulate you on the exceptionally high tone achieved in the November 8 issue. All of the articles were top caliber. I was impressed by Dr. Oliver's very fine diagnosis of Buddhism, Whittaker Chambers' summation of the problems of our time, and the admirable correlating articles by John Chamberlain and Kuehnelt-Leddihn. I was also glad to see Thomas Burke Carson's excellent report on Gordon Hall, a type of nuisance for whom everyone should be on the alert.

The message of the entire issue, it seemed to me, was epitomized in John Abbot Clark's quote from Gibbs, "Nothing withers faster on the vine than fancy liberal thought."

Chicago, Ill. E. C. MULLINS

Conservative Doldrums

It is to the credit of NATIONAL REVIEW that you so honestly interpreted the election results and did not use golden platitudes to hide the obvious —mainly, that we conservatives suffered a decisive defeat. The eroded American spirit of which you speak is all too real, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the colleges and universities.

The most important question we must face is, will America, like Lazarus, begin the long climb upward, or will she accept the euthanasia being administered to her by the socialists. In my own mind I have no doubt about the answer, but I pray to God that I am proved wrong.

New York City EDWIN McDOWELL

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Halton Revisited

Concerning the question "why the Liberal community harbors . . . such cruel and deep-seated resentment against" antagonists such as Father Halton, may I suggest that neither NATIONAL REVIEW (in saying ["Ivory Tower," October 11] that we turn most angrily on those who finger hidden weaknesses) nor reader Whitelaw ["To the Editor," November 8] (who supposes that our Liberal community has "a social and political system based on malice and tyranny") hit the central mark. Any student of history who has delved deeper than college-text level is struck by the fact that Western man has traditionally reached his most frightening heights of ferocity in the precise area of theological squabbling. For every prophet or saint to whom present-day Jews or Christians can point with pride there are ten thousand murderers who in the name of religion sought to establish that might makes right.

New York City STEVE ALLEN

Lampooning the Liberals

We few militant conservatives at Park College thought you might find interesting the use we made of a page appearing in the May 17, 1958, NATIONAL REVIEW ["A Plea for Sanity," reprinted on opposite page]. A few weeks ago a professor in the Department of Physics made an appeal from the pulpit of our chapel before the entire student body, which was required to be there . . . advocating that its members sign the "Petition to the Men in Geneva" currently being circulated by the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

Needless to say, we the militant few were aghast, not merely because we disagreed in principle with the supposed purpose of this petition, but also because it had been presented in such a way as to make it seem just another uncontroversial Good Deed. Our sinister minds quickly recalled the amusing "ad" on the back cover of NATIONAL REVIEW which did such a fine job lampooning such petitions, so we made copies of it and posted them next to each place that a petition had been posted for signing.

The petitioners' reaction was not a particularly cordial one. The physics professor complained that such things don't happen in Nebraska (he had just recently come from there). The editorial in the school paper, dubbing us "absolute cynics," is perhaps even more indicative of the general feeling toward our action.

We are, nevertheless, thankful that "such things" still can happen at Park College!

Parkville, Mo. THE ABSOLUTE CYNICS

The letter above prompts NATIONAL REVIEW to reprint the "advertisement" on the opposite page. The Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy has stepped up its activities, all over the United States. Most of the time, one must try to reason with these people. But when you despair of that, or want some relief, try a little satire. Distribute reprints of the opposite page to friends and to local agitators.

Special prices for this reprint only!

10¢ each, 100 for $5, 1,000 for $25

Dept. R, NATIONAL REVIEW
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WALTER LIPPMANN
(*Continued from p.* 373)

of Secretary Dulles in the latter's press conference of September 30.

> He [Dulles] let it be known through the veil of diplomatic language that a bargain might be struck in which Chiang's troops would be withdrawn and saved and the offshore islands would be evacuated. . . . So we should disengage in Quemoy. We should stand at Formosa for the purpose of negotiation. *We should prepare for the passing of Chiang's regime.* [Italics supplied.]

Of course there never was a bargain, at least so far as is known, involving the surrender of the offshore islands. Mr. Dulles has, indeed, specifically denied this. And Quemoy, dogmatically written off as "indefensible" by Lippmann and the many letter-writers in the appeasement-defeatist camp, *has* been defended with conspicuous success for three months. As Hanson Baldwin recently wrote, "The islands, far from being indefensible, could be—and were—successfully defended, and without [even] utilizing all the counter-offensive strength available."

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A Plea for Sanity!

By the National Committee for Unconditional Nuclear Surrender

Fellow Traveler (Along Life's Highway, that is):

Nothing is permanent. The moral values of 1776 have suited their time, but we must live in the world as it is today. We cannot remake it or change human nature (except through the United Nations).

States as well as individuals are part of the World Community, the Grand Design. National sovereignty and patriotism must give way to the concept of a higher loyalty: Peace.

Let's face it. What are "Liberty," "Justice," and "Truth," except words? Is not Survival more precious than mere words? We have it on the authority of All Reputable Scientists that if these insane nuclear tests continue, the population of the world will be decimated before the next Summit Meeting. (We must, of course, expect carping dissent from *Disreputable Scientists.*)

Warmongers will try to point out that nine of our sponsors belong to a number of Front Groups. What is the relevancy of this hobby? What earthly connection a man's personal beliefs has with his Personal Beliefs is beyond us.

There is no true security. We have seen the fate of Hungary, East Germany and Poland. Don't assume that we will have a privileged sanctuary if adventurers are allowed to lead us down the road of outmoded Self-Defense. The only thing to be terrified of is Terror itself.

We must step up our efforts for peace. We must stop nuclear tests NOW.

Remember. Survival is an American Tradition.

Sponsors of the Committee

Harrison Twitchpate, *Vice Chairman, Council for* Unreciprocal Understanding

Terrence Flail, Honorary President, Committee for Freedom of Assembly Except Neanderthal Groups.

Brig. Gen. LeRoy Frisk, Ret., Executive Director, United Friends of Utopia

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We Are Not Alone

Read what other eminent Humanitarians say about this uncontrived, spontaneous movement

Dr. Osgood Tremor, noted historian: "I wonder if Nathan Hale would have stood up so well against an atom bomb."

Prof. Clarence Shrill, *lecturer on invertebrates:* "Be spineless! Stop our nuclear tests!"

Mumford Tetherflip, Editor, *Daily Peace:* "There are no enemies—only misunderstood friends."

Springleaf Marvel, author of *Nations Should Be Obsolete:* "Nuclear war is unthinkable. So let's not think about it. Put all your faith in world government."

Selznick Mauvre, bacteriologist, weight lifter and savant: "Is the Hot-Foot of Cynicism the way to greet the Soviet Hand of Friendship?"

Adele Quavering, author of *What's the Use:* "What's the use?"

Phineas Drowse, elder statesman: "Hysteria should not be confused with HYSTERIA."

Dean Launcelot Falter, winner of the 1957 Peace Prize for his essay on Hungary: "It will not permanently harm the world to live temporarily under tyranny."

National Committee for Unconditional Nuclear Surrender
55 Double-Deal Concourse
Sellout, New York

I, ... who am in full possession of my faculties, and have an affidavit to prove it, am promptly sending $..... as my contribution toward advancing the cause of Sanity and Survival. I agree with you fully that our Middle-of-the-Road policy only goes 50 per cent of the way toward compromise with principle. With Better *Planning, the Planned Retreat could become an Orderly Rout. Rest assured that I shall fight* tooth and nail for Peace.

ACT!
While There Is Yet Time!

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Write to everybody!
Learn to speak Russian!
Organize your community!
Talk to your friends!
Send more money!

President Dwight D. Eisenhower
White House, Washington, D.C.
Dear Mr. President:
I strongly urge you to agree to Premier Khrushchev's proposal to ban nuclear tests. Now more than ever before can we trust the Russians, who have completed all the tests they need at present.

This way, Mr. President, even if the Russians do launch a sneak nuclear attack, our stock in world opinion will go up. Everybody knows that what the uncommitted nations really go for is a good loser.

Mankind is looking to you, as leader of the Free World, to end once and for all the atmosphere of hysteria which plagues both sides of the Iron Curtain!

Sincerely,

.....

(Due to the renewed activity of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, the above advertisement is reproduced from our May 17, 1958, issue, by popular request)

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